

# The SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established  
Aug. 4, 1821.

HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers.  
No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1868.

Price \$2.50 A Year, in Advance.  
Single Number 5 Cents.

Whole Number  
Issued, 2463.

## LOVE REVEALED.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Such a trite and graceless sinner,  
You would wonder I could win her,  
She as white as purest snow,  
From my lot of ill defend her,  
For she loves me true and tender,  
Her warm blushes told me so.

Heaviness may gather o'er me,  
And the way look dark before me,  
As it oftentimes will below;  
I will pass it by unheeding,  
For she loves me, at my pleading,  
Her clear eyes have told me so.

O'er the changeless seas a sailing,  
With our hope and faith unfailing,  
In the sunshine we will go,  
All and all, and never parted,  
For she loves me, the true-hearted,  
Her dear lips have told me so.

MARIE S. L.

## THE WHITE SQUAW. A Tale of Florida.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

AUTHOR OF THE "PLANTER PIRATE," &c.

### CHAPTER V.

#### PLAIN SPEECH.

The backwoodsman preserved a wary look, as if suspicious of an attempt to corrupt him.

He was not alarmed. Cris Carrol knew himself to be incorruptible.

"Well, Mr. Carrol," proceeded the governor, after a pause, "you know that my settlement has prospered, and, as you may imagine, I have made money along with the rest."

"Yes, I know that," was the curt answer.

"And, having now got a little ahead of the world, I feel that I have a right to indulge some of my fancies. I want a better house, for instance."

"Do you, now?" said Cris.

"And so I've made up my mind to build; and I want a good site. Now you see what I am driving at."

"Well, no; I can't say that I do exactly."

"Why, Cris, you are dull to-day. I say I want a good site for my new house."

"Well, ain't you got hundreds of acres—enough and to spare for the most tremendous big house as was ever built?"

"That's true; but on all my land there's not a spot I really like. Does that seem strange to you?"

"Mighty strange to me, but, perhaps, not so strange to you, governor."

"But there is a bit of ground, Cris," continued Elias, "that I do like exceedingly. The worst of it is, it's not mine."

"Why don't you buy it?"

"Just what I wish to do; but the owner won't sell."

"Perhaps you don't offer enough."

"No, that's not the reason."

"What is it, then?"

"Do you know the top of the hill?" abruptly asked Rody.

"What, where the Indians make their camp?"

"Yes; that's the place where I want to build. Oluski won't sell that piece of property to me—why, I don't know."

The governor did not stick very closely to the truth while talking on matters of business.

"Wal, what have I to do with that?" asked the backwoodsman.

"Why, I thought if you were to see Oluski, perhaps you might talk him into letting me have the ground. I've set my mind on it; and I wouldn't care if it cost me a good round sum. I'll pay you well for any trouble you may take in helping me."

Elias Rody had but one estimation of his fellow man, and that was, that every one has his price.

In the present instance he was mistaken.

"It won't do, governor, it won't do," said Carrol, shaking his head. "I see, now, plain as can be, what you're after. But I won't help you in it. If you want the property, and Oluski won't let you have it, then the Injun's got his own reasons, and it ain't for me to try and change 'em. Besides," added he, "I don't like the job; and so no offence meant, but I must say no—and I say it once and for all. Is that all you've got to say to me?"

The governor bit his lips with vexation, but, possessing a wonderful command over his temper, he merely inquired what his son had said about Nelatu.

"Well, sir, he didn't say much about anything special, except to ask me to look after the Injun lad, and see to his wounds; I did that in first-class style. And as I told you afore, he's all right. Your son has been down every day to see my patient, as the doctor chaps call them they physics. He peared mighty anxious to know how it was that he had come over to this part of the country alone, and where was the young girl, his sister."

"Ah! so he was inquiring about her, was he?" exclaimed Rody, rising, and pacing the hut with restless steps. He was glad of a pretext for his rage.



"SANSUTA, YOUR COUSIN, WACORA, STANDS BEFORE YOU."

The backwoodsman uttered a prolonged whistle.

Suddenly pausing in his impatient strides, the governor faced towards him.

"So he was anxious about her, was he?"

Elias Rody was evidently out of temper, and not now afraid to show it. But Carrol was not exactly the person to care much about this.

"He was," was his cool answer; "but I don't know how I've got anything to do with it, except to tell him and you, too, for the matter of that, that the red man has his rights and feelings. Yes, and they're both worth considering as much as if they were pale-faces like ourselves."

"And why to me, sir?" asked the governor.

"Well, just because I ain't afraid to say to your face what I'd say behind your back, and that is, that your son had better stop thinking about that girl, Sansuta, as soon as may be, and that you'd best see to it afore worse happens."

A ve' outspoken man was the backwoodsman, and Elias Rody was sorry now for having visited him.

Before he could recover from his surprise, Carrol resumed speech.

"There ain't no good, governor, in minding matters. Last year when Oluski was here, your son was always prowlin' 'bout the Injun encampment, and down in the grove where that girl used to be. He was always a talkin' to the chief's darter, and making presents to her. I know what I seed, and it wasn't just the thing."

"Perfect natural, man," said the governor, mastering his chagrin, and speaking calmly; "perfectly natural all that, seeing that Nelatu, Sansuta, and my son grew up as children together."

"All that may be, but it ain't no use applyin' it now that they're most grown up to be man and woman, and you knows it, governor, as well as I do; as for Nelatu, he don't amount to chucks; and I sometimes wonder whether he is Oluski's son after all."

The home truth in the first part of Carrol's speech pleased the "governor" as little as any of his previous remarks, and surprised at the freedom of the backwoodsman's language, he was silent.

Not so Cris, who had evidently determined to say more. His garrulity was unusual; and once started he was too honest to hold his peace.

"Governor, there's many things I've had in me to say to you at a convenient time. That time's come, I reckon, and I may as well clur it off my mind. I don't belong to your colony. I'm only a 'casual' visitor, but I sees and hears things as others don't seem to dare to tell you o', though why I can't fancy; for you're only a man after all, although you air the head man o' the settlement. As near as I can fix it in my mind, all yer people hev settled hyar on land that once belonged to the Injun. This being the case, it seems to me that the same laws as is made for the white man is made for the red-skinned too. Now, governor, it ain't so; or, if they are made, they ain't carried out; and, when there's an advantage to be got for the white man at the expense of the Injun, why you see, the law's strained just a little to give it. It's only a little now, but by-and-bye it'll be a good deal. I know you'll say that's only natural, too, because that's the

way you think; but I tell you, Mr. Rody, here Carrol became excited, "that it ain't natural no how; and it ain't right; and, therefore, mischief's sure to come o' it. Now, I tell you because you've more brains and more money than any o' the rest, of course you've got more to answer for. So them's my sentiments, and you're welcome to them whether you like 'em or no."

"Well, Mister Carrol," replied Rody, with a withering emphasis on the "Mister," "I'm glad you've given me your opinion—it's a valuable one no doubt."

"I don't know whether it's a valuable one, but I know it's a honest one," answered Cris, with a quiet dignity, that, despite his rough dress, bespoke him a gentleman. "I have no object in giving advice to you, governor. I only feel it a duty, and I like to discharge my duties. The same way I think about your son Warren running after this Injun girl. No good'll come o' that neither."

Whatever reply the "governor" would have made to this last observation was cut short by the entrance of Warren Rody himself.

Seen now in the light of open day the young man presented a strange contrast to his father. Of small stature, effeminate countenance, restless, shifting eyes, and a vacillating expression of mouth, he did not look like the son of the hard, rugged man who stood beside him.

He was neatly, almost foppishly dressed, and had a self-sufficient air not altogether pleasant. He seemed like one who would rather pass through the world with oily smoothness, than assert himself with confidence of power and honesty of purpose.

By one of those strange mental impressions impossible to account for, both Cris and the "governor" felt that Warren had been a listener.

If so, he did not betray any sign of annoyance at what he had heard, but stood smilingly tapping his boot with a handsome riding-whip.

"Ah, father, you here? Have you come to see the invalid, or to say, 'good-bye' to the hunter, who tells me he is off to the wilderness to-morrow?"

His father did not answer him, but turning to Carrol, said—

"The matter I intended to have spoken to you about will do at another time; but I'm still much obliged to you for your good advice."

This was spoken with as much cutting politeness as could be well pressed into the speech.

As he turned to leave, he said, aside to his son—

"Be home early, Warren. I have something particular to say to you."

Warren nodded, and his father passed out of the house not at all pleased with the interview between himself and the backwoodsman.

Nothing disconcerts scheming men more than blunt honesty.

As soon as the governor was gone, Carrol commenced humming a song. His new visitor waited for several moments before speaking to him.

"How is Nelatu?" he at length asked.

"Will be strong enough to travel to-morrow?"

"Not quite," said Carrol, pausing in the

chorus part of his ditty; "he'd best remain here till his people come. They won't be long now, and the stay will give him time to get right smart."

"What was it that vexed my father, Cris?"

"Well, I don't know 'cept he's took something that's disagreed with him. He do seem riled considerable."

"But, Cris, are you really off to-morrow?"

"By sunrise!" answered Carrol.

"Which way are you going?"

Cris looked slyly at his questioner before answering.

"I don't know for sure whether it'll be along the bay, or across the big swamp. The deer are gettin' scarce near the settlement, and I have to go further to find 'em. That's all along of civilization!"

"If you go by the swamp, you might do me a service," said Warren.

"Might I?" Then, after a thoughtful pause, the backwoodsman continued—

"Well, you see, Warren, it won't be by the swamp. I've made my mind up now, and I'm goin' along the bay."

Warren said,

"All right; no matter."

Then, with a word of explanation, parted from Cris, and proceeded to find Nelatu.

As soon as he was out of sight, Carrol's behaviour would have furnished a comic artist a capital subject for a sketch. He chuckled, winked his eyes, wagged his head, rubbed his hands, and seemed to shake all over with suppressed merriment.

"A pair of the artfullest cusses I ever come across. Darn my picture, if the young 'un ain't most too good. War I goin' by the swamp, 'cos then I might do him a service? No, no, Mister Warren, this cown ain't to be made a cat's-paw of by you nor yer father neither. I ain't agoin' to mix myself up in any of your scrapes, leastways, not if I know it; nor Nelatu shan't if I can help it. Don't let him stir still his fellow Ingins come, and, may be, that'll keep him out o' trouble. No, Master Warren, you must do your own dirty work, and so must yer father. Cris Carrol shan't help either o' you in that. If the young 'un don't mind what he's heard, altho' he made believe he didn't, and his father don't mind what I told him, there'll be worse come o' it."

### CHAPTER VI.

#### CROOKLEG.

When young Rody took his departure from Carrol's hut, he went off in no very enviable mood.

His interview with Nelatu, although of the briefest, had been as unproductive of results as that with the blunt old backwoodsman.

The plain speaking indulged in by Carrol, and which he had overheard before entering the cabin, had annoyed him, while the oracular manner adopted by Cris in no way assuaged the feeling.

The fact of the matter is, that the old hunter had made a clear guess at the truth.

Warren had a passion for Sansuta, the daughter of Oluski.

Not a manly, loving passion, though.

Her beauty had cast a spell upon him. Had his soul been pure, the spell would have

worked its own cure. Out of the magic of her very simplicity would have arisen chaste love.

But his heart was wicked, and its growth weeds.

Hitherto the difference of race had shielded from harm the object of his admiration. He would have been ashamed to avow it in an honest way.

Secretly, therefore, he had feigned a false friendship for her brother, as a mask to conceal his base treachery.

In the incident with which our tale opens, he had found a ready means of advancing his own interests by more closely cementing Nelatu's simple friendship, and moulding to his will.

We have said that Red Wolf, the would-be assassin, fell by the bullet of his rifle.

With his hand upon the trigger, and in the very act of sending this wretch to his account, a thought had flashed across young Rody's mind, which made his aim more certain.

Let us explain.

Nelatu said that Red Wolf had spoken wicked words of Sansuta and of Warren.

The very conjunction of their names supplied the calamity.

Nelatu spoke truly, but what he did not know was that the wretch who paid the forfeit of his life for his foul speech was only the dupe of Nelatu's own friend, Warren Rody.

Red Wolf, an idle, drunken scamp, had been a fit instrument in Rody's hands to be employed as a messenger between him and the Indian girl.

For these services, Red Wolf received repeated compensation in gold.

But the old story of the bad master becoming discontented with a bad servant was true in this case.

Warren was afraid that Red Wolf would in one of his drunken orgies, talk too much, and betray the secret with which he had entrusted him.

So far, he was right, for it was whilst endeavoring to warn Nelatu of his sister's danger that Red Wolf made use of language about the girl.

He had reviled Nelatu's sister while traducing his friend.

The issue is already known.

Wicked were Warren's thoughts as he stood, rifle in hand, watching the two.

If Red Wolf—and he recognized him at once—were removed in the very act of killing Nelatu, a dangerous tongue would be for ever silenced, while Nelatu's friendship would be further secured, and Sansuta eventually become his.

The decision was taken, the bullet sent through Red Wolf's brain, and Warren Rody accomplished a part of his design.

Having succeeded so far, it was terribly mortifying to find that one clear-sighted individual had penetrated his schemes, and without appearing to do so, had placed a restraint upon the otherwise warm sense of gratitude with which Nelatu regarded him.

All this Cris Carrol had done, and, therefore, Warren Rody was angry with him.

He left the cabin, vowing vengeance upon Carrol, and casting about for the means to accomplish it.

He had not long to wait, or far to seek.

At the end of the by road upon which the backwoodsman's dwelling stood, he encountered the very tool suitable for his purpose.

It was in the person of a negro, with a skin black as Erbus, who was seen perched upon the top of a tall fence.

He was old enough looking to attract the attention of the most careless traveller.

His head, denuded of the old ragged piece of felt he called hat, was unusually large, and covered with an enormous shock of tightly curling wool.

This did not, however, conceal the apish form of the skull, that bore a strong resemblance to that of a chimpanzee.

Rolling and sparkling in a field of white, were eyes preternaturally large, and wickedly expressive, above a nose and mouth of the strongest African type.

His arms were ludicrously long, and seemed by their unusual proportions to make up for the shortness, and impish form of the body.

He was whistling in a discordant strain some wild melody, and kicking his heels about like one possessed.

As Warren Rody approached, he paused in his ear-splitting music, and leaped nimbly from his perch, whilst flourishing his tattered felt in a sort of salutation.

It might have been observed that he was lame, and the few halting steps he took imparted a droll, hobbling motion to his diminutive body.

His dress was a curious warp of rags, woven, as it were, upon a still more ragged wool.

They were held together more by sympathy than cohesion.

In his right hand was a stout gnarled stick, with which he assisted himself in his frog-like progress.

At sight of young Rody, the huge mouth of this uncouth creature seemed to open from ear to ear.

"Ha, ha! Whoo, whoo! Gor bress me, if it ain't Massa Warren himself dat I see! My stars, massa, but dis ole man am glad to see ye, dat he is!"

Such was his salutation.

The young man came to a stop, and surveyed the negro with a smile.

"Well, Crookleg, what do you want with me, you old fiend?"

"Ha, ha! Ho, ho! Bress him, what a



brave young gentleman it is! How handsome!—  
like a picture! What do the old men  
want? Why, they want a good deal, massa, a  
good deal."

"Are you out of work again?"  
"Ha, ha, ain't done a brassed stroke of  
work, massa, for more nor two week! Ain't  
pon the old nigger's solemn word! Ain't  
had it, massa, to do. Poor Crookier am  
most used up, sa, most used up."

As if to prove his last assertion the hide-  
ous wretch cut a high caper into the air,  
and settled down again in a grotesque atti-  
tude.

Young Reddy laughed heartily at this feat,  
slapped his riding whip roughly across the  
negro's back, pitched a piece of silver to  
him, and passed on.

Whilst Crookier stooped to pick up the  
coin he glanced after him under his arm,  
and saw, with some surprise, that the youth  
had paused at a few paces distance as if in  
thought.

After a time the latter faced round and  
came back along the road.

"By the way, Crookier," said he, "come  
up to the house, my sister may have some-  
thing to give you."

"Ha, ha! he, he! Miss Alice, brass her  
so she may massa! I'll come, sartins, dis old  
nigger's always glad to get what he can from  
Miss Alice."

"And," continued Reddy, "ask for me  
when you come. I may find something for  
you to do that'll help you along a little."

Not staying to hear the voluble expres-  
sions of gratitude with which Crookier over-  
whelmed him, Warren strode on and was  
soon lost to sight.

The moment of his disappearance the  
darky perpetrated another aerial leap, and  
then leaped off in a direction opposite to  
that pursued by the governor's son.

He could be heard muttering as he went—  
"Wants to see dis chile, does he? Why,  
dat looks good for de ole nigger; and, who  
knows, but what de ole nigger's son am coming  
to an end, and all dis ole nigger's work is  
going to be done for him by older folk."

He, he, he! would make dis chile bust a  
laffen! He, he, he!"

#### CHAPTER VII. THE TWO CHIEFS.

Our story now takes us fifty miles inland  
from Tampa Bay.

The spot on the edge of an everglade.

The hour noon.

The dramatic persons two Indians.

One an old man, the other the prime of  
life.

The first white-headed, wrinkled, and with  
traces of a life spent in action.

He presented an appearance at once  
striking and picturesque as he stood beneath  
the shade of a tall palm tree.

His dress was half Indian, half hunter.

A tan skin shirt, leggings, and moccasins  
richly worked with beads; a warpon belt,  
crossed his shoulder; a scarlet blanket hung  
at his back; his folds displaying a figure  
which, in its youth, must have been superb.

It still showed, in the broad chest and  
powerful limbs, almost its prime strength.

Upon his head he wore a band of bead-  
work, in which were stuck three wing  
feathers of the war eagle.

His face was full of dignity and calm re-  
pose.

It was Oluski, the Seminole chief.

His companion was no less remarkable.

As he lay stretched upon the ground lean-  
ing on one elbow, his face upturned towards  
that of the old man, a striking contrast was  
presented.

Like Oluski, his dress was also half Indian,  
half hunter, but more richly ornamented  
with bead-work, whilst a certain careful dis-  
position of the attire seemed not inappro-  
priate to his youth and bearing.

It was, however, in his features that the  
difference was chiefly apparent.

In the attitude he had assumed, a ray of  
sunshine, piercing a break between the trees,  
illumined his countenance.

Instead of the coppery color of the Indian,  
his skin was of a rich olive, an unmistakable  
sign that white blood flowed in his veins.

He was remarkably handsome. His fea-  
tures were regular, well defined and ad-  
mirably chiselled. His eyes were large and  
lustrous, overshadowed by a forehead that dis-  
tinctly presented the impression of intellect.

Like the old man, he wore a plume of  
eagle's feathers on his head, as also a war-  
pon belt; but in lieu of a blanket, a robe  
made of skin of the spotted lynx was thrown  
over his shoulders.

Oluski was the first to speak.

"Must Wacora depart today?" he asked.

"At sunset I must leave you, uncle," re-  
plied the youth, who was his nephew, al-  
ready spoken of as Wacora.

"And when do you return?"

"Not till you come back from Tampa  
Bay. I have still much to do. My father's  
death has still placed me in a position of  
trust, and I must not neglect its duties."

"I and try to be there from this place in  
seven days."

"And Nela, where is he?" asked Wacora.

"I expected him ere this. He and Red  
Wolf went away together."

Oluski was ignorant of what had hap-  
pened.

"They went upon a hunting expedition,  
and if not able to return in time, were to go  
on to the bay, and there await our coming."

"You still make your summer camp-  
ment upon the hill. I have not seen it since  
I was a boy. It is a shame, too, since our  
people are buried there."

"Yes, and, therefore, it is dear to you as  
to me."

"And yet the whites have a settlement  
near it. It was your gift to them, uncle, I  
remember that."

Wacora said this with an accent that  
sounded almost sneering.

The old chief answered warmly.

"Well, I owed their chief a debt of grati-  
tude. I paid it. He is my friend."

"Friend?" said Wacora, with a bitter  
smile, "since when has the pale face been a  
friend to the red man?"

"Still unjust, Wacora. I thought you  
had changed. The foolish sentiments of  
youth should give place to the wisdom of  
age."

Oluski's eye brightened as he spoke. His  
heart swelled with noble feelings.

"I do not, will not, trust in the white  
man!" answered the young chief. "What  
has he done to our race that we should be-  
lieve in him? Look at his acts and then  
trust him? If you can. Where are the Mo-  
haws, the Shawnees, the Delawares and the  
Narragansetts? How has the white man  
kept faith with them?"

"All white men are not alike," responded  
Oluski. "A pale face befriended me when  
I required aid. The deed always weighs  
against the word. I could not be ungrate-  
ful."

"Well, Oluski's gratitude has been proved,"  
retorted Wacora. "But let him beware of  
those on whom it has been bestowed."

The old chief did not answer, but stood in  
an attitude of thought.

Ideas, slumbering till now, were awakened  
by Wacora's words. An unknown feeling  
appeared to gain possession of him.

So contagious is mistrust.

The nephew, too, seemed lost in thought.

Still lying upon the ground he idly plucked  
the petals of a flower growing by his side.

The conversation was at length resumed by  
his uncle.

"I have nothing to charge the white chief  
with or his people. Our tribe yearly visits  
the place. We are welcomed on arrival, re-  
spected during our stay, and unmolested at  
leaving. No, Wacora, these white men are  
not like others."

"Uncle, all white men are the same.  
They make their homes in our land. When  
space is needed the Indian must yield to  
them. What faith or friendship can exist  
where there is no equality? Do not the  
Seminoles suffer at this very moment from  
the white man's ambition? Are not their  
hunting grounds profaned by his presence—  
their graves pillaged for his fancied wrongs?  
Your friend is a white man, and, therefore,  
the enemy of your race."

Wacora spoke passionately.

The Indian is not always a savage. The  
reverse is often the case. In every tribe  
there are men of education, of quick intelli-  
gence, and with a high sense of right.

Both Oluski and Wacora were superior  
men, in the sense that education and natural  
intelligence gave the stamp of superiority  
over ignorance and superstition.

#### CHAPTER VIII. SANCTA.

As we have said, Wacora had white blood  
in his veins.

His mother was a Spaniard, the daughter  
of a planter, who had lived near the town of  
St. Augustine.

Almost a child at the time of her capture,  
she eventually forgot her own kindred, and  
became devoted to the chief who had been  
her captor.

It ended in her becoming his wife, and  
the mother of Wacora.

A boy, that in Wacora's veins white blood  
flowed, his soul was Indian, and he loved  
his father's people as if he had been of their  
purest blood.

He was a patriot of the most enthusiastic  
stamp.

His judgment, clear in most things, was  
clouded in estimating the qualities of the  
white race, simply because he had seen the  
worst phases of their character, its cupidity  
and selfishness.

Oluski would have answered his  
companion's address, but the same train of  
disagreeable thought that had entered his mind  
at the first part of Wacora's speech, held  
him silent.

Wacora proceeded.

"Enough, uncle. I did not intend to  
trouble you with my feelings; I meant only  
to warn you against danger, for danger exists  
in all dealings with the pale-faces. They,  
as ourselves, are true to their insti-  
tutes, and those instincts blind them to  
justice. Your friend, the White Chief, may  
be all you think of him. If so, he will rather  
admire your caution than blame you for  
mistrust; natural, because 'not careless.'"

Whatever reply Oluski intended was post-  
poned by the arrival of a third person, at  
whose coming Wacora sprang from the  
ground with a gesture of surprise and admi-  
ration.

The new comer was an Indian maiden.

A perfect wood nymph!

She was a girl of slight stature, beauti-  
fully rounded limbs, with hands and feet  
unusually small.

Her dress was simplicity itself, yet so  
gracefully worn that it seemed the result of  
labored art.

A tunic of bright-colored cloth, clasped  
round her neck by a silver brooch, descended  
to her ankles, while around her waist was  
twisted a scarf of many colors; over her  
shoulders fell a bright cloth mantle, bor-  
dered with shells worked into delicate pat-  
terns; upon her head was a broad work cap,  
trimmed with the plume of the white eagle,  
like a fringe of dewy fallen snow; her  
wrists were encircled with bead bracelets,  
while embroidered moccasins covered her  
slip feet.

She smilingly approached Oluski and  
beckoned close to the old chief.

Wacora seemed puzzled by the fair pre-  
sence.

"I had forgotten," said Oluski, "that you  
are strangers to each other. Sancta, your  
cousin, Wacora, stands before you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Missing People in New York.

The records kept by the authorities of  
the Metropolitan Police show, that more  
than nine hundred persons, to their knowl-  
edge, are every year "lost" within the ter-  
ritory over which they have oversight. This  
estimate does not comprehend the whole  
of lost children who are picked up, wan-  
ding and disconsolate, in every ward in the  
city, every day, and restored to their dis-  
tressed parents before they have been taken  
fourteen hours away; but these nine  
hundred persons are those whose prolonged  
and unaccountable absence has become an  
anxiety to their friends, and to find whom  
the aid of the police is invoked. "The  
Metropolitan Police District of the State  
of New York comprises the counties of New  
York, Kings, Westchester, and Richmond,  
and the towns of Newtown, Flushing, and  
Jamaica, in the County of Queens," thus in-  
cludes the two great cities of New York and  
Brooklyn, besides a score or so of populous  
villages.

WHEN TO CATCH FISH.—An old fisher-  
man states that if a man wants to catch fish  
whenever he visits the creek, let him not  
pick the full-moon days to do it in. He  
gives a philosophical reason for the advice  
—whether sound or not, we cannot decide.  
He says, when the moon is full, the nights  
being bright, enables the fish to do all their  
foraging in the night time. Of course, hav-  
ing their wants supplied, they lie up all  
day, and consequently, there is a scarcity  
of "bites." Under a new moon season, the  
fish have to sleep at night and work by day,  
that makes the difference in the fisherman's  
string.

OF 79 new serial publications which  
have appeared in London since the begin-  
ning of the year, only seven are now in  
existence.

A wise man once said, "It has been  
a source of weakness to every nation under  
Heaven, that its women have had but little  
to do, and a great deal to say."

#### SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1868.

#### TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those  
of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND.  
In order that the claim may be made upon the paper  
and no longer be considered as a debt, and are as  
follows:—One copy (and a large Premium steel En-  
graving) \$2.50; Two copies \$4.00; Four copies  
\$6.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) \$12.00. One  
copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S  
FRIEND, \$4.00. Every person getting up a club  
will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.  
Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit  
twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will  
be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single  
numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of  
Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.  
In remitting, name at the top of your letter,  
your Post-office county, and State. If possible, pre-  
pare a Post-office order on Philadelphia, or pay  
directly to the Post, and one of THE LADY'S  
FRIEND. If a draft cannot be had, send United States  
notes. Do not send money by the Express Com-  
pany, unless you pay their charge.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 25 sub-  
scribers at \$2.50 apiece, or for 25 subscribers and 250  
—we will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 2 Machine,  
price \$55. By remitting the difference of price in  
cash, any higher priced machine will be sent. Every  
subscriber in a Premium list, inasmuch as he pays  
\$2.50, will get a large Premium steel Engraving.  
Address—

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,  
310 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always  
keep copies of any manuscripts they may  
send to us, in order to avoid the possibility  
of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the  
safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

#### BACK NUMBERS.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST  
to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of "The  
Death Shadow of the Poplars," "Sydney  
Adriance," "The Planter's Pirate," &c., &c.

#### REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE.

A medical writer in an English periodical,  
gives the following "certain cure" for  
toothache. He says the proposed remedy  
is not a dangerous one—but we should think  
it best to be careful, and to avoid swallow-  
ing much of so deadly a poison as acetate:

Who the two tell tortures of pain and toothache  
are so commonly regarded as ailments absorbed from  
pity, I know not of my own knowledge, and never  
found any one who did. Toothache has this advan-  
tage over pain, that it is always alleviable, and that in  
most instances without removing the tooth. Few,  
very few, aching teeth will resist the application of  
acetic acid; and though acetate be a  
poison, and the treatment sounds poisonous, yet in  
any but the most careless hands it may be used to  
stop toothache with impunity. The best mode of  
application is this: Having immersed some cotton-  
wool in tincture of acetate poured into a dish and  
set in a warm place, wait until the tincture has  
evaporated and left the cotton-wool impregnated  
with acetic paste. This paste-mixture of cotton  
and acetate is what the tooth is to be filled with.  
Pain usually ceases in about ten minutes. It is not  
intended that the patient shall swallow any part of  
this acetate paste or its products; but even if deglu-  
tation do occur no poisoning will ensue, the quantity  
of the active principle of acetate thus capable of  
finding its way to the stomach being insufficient to  
develop any bad consequences. There is an incor-  
poration of acetate and morphia slightly more ef-  
ficacious than acetate for alleviating toothache; but  
it is altogether too dangerous for domestic or pri-  
vate use.

#### THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

We have received the following letter from  
Mr. Parker, dated "Casstown, July 13,  
1868."

DEAR SIR:—I will see you P. M. this week regard-  
ing your request in the Post. I cannot conceive why  
Miss Osgood has not written you.

I have received a good many poems competing for  
the prize, but circumstances have come to such a  
focus that I will not be able to purchase the book. I  
could get a cheap one, but it is not the kind I want.  
Therefore I am compelled to give up the enterprise.

Those waiting their poems returned can have it  
done by addressing me with stamp. Please tell your  
readers this. I regret much that I am forced to this  
step. Truly,  
H. C. PARKER.

Mr. Parker's "circumstances" seem to  
have come to a very small "focus" indeed,  
when he cannot purchase a not very costly  
book. We conclude with Mr. Parker. We  
begin to fear that he will come out of the  
small end of the horn in every respect—but  
we certainly hope he will be able to send us  
the Postmaster's evidence that he deposited  
a book for Miss Osgood in the Casstown  
office.

THE COST OF A NATION'S LIQUOR.—We  
take the following from one of our ex-  
changes:

The New York Examiner has compiled a curious  
table, concerning the cost of liquor sold by retail  
in the country during one year. Mr. Wells, in his re-  
port for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1867, shows  
that the cost of liquor to the consumers, that is the  
value of the retail liquor trade, "as deduced from  
the receipts of internal revenue," reaches the sum of  
\$1,825,497,825, that is, forty-five dollars for every  
man, woman and child in the country. It is more  
than one-eighth of the entire annual sales of the  
merchandise of the country, more than the entire  
product of the precious metals from all that region  
west of the Rocky Mountain for twenty years, which  
is estimated by J. Ross Browne at \$1,165,000,000. It  
is nearly ten times the value of all the church prop-  
erty of the United States, given in 1850 by the census  
as \$171,598,212. It is more than one-half the national  
debt.

Forty-three dollars for every man, woman  
and child in the country, seems to us rather  
a steep statement. We do not doubt that it  
is good enough—but we should like Mr. Wells  
to go over his figures.

Among the latest inventions is a  
rubber bath-tub, about three feet in diam-  
eter when spread out, which can easily be  
stowed away in a lady's satchel. It is de-  
scribed as "just the thing" for city people  
who are passing the summer at farm-houses,  
where conveniences for bathing are not very  
good.

A veritable story is told of a bright  
little girl, who, attending Sunday-school for  
the first time, was asked: "Who went into  
the lion's den?" The child appeared puzzled  
the teacher commenced spelling, to awaken  
the child's memory, "D-a-n-e." "I know  
now," exclaimed she, "it was Dan Rice."

We once knew a man who said to his  
pious wife, "I am going to the church  
after this." "Ah, and why so?" asked the  
minister. "Well, if you don't get your shoes  
made at my shop, I won't get my preaching  
done at yours." So he went off.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ARTIST'S DREAM. By ELLERTON  
VINTON. Published by G. W. Carleton &  
Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B.  
Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

LIFE OF SCHUYLER COLFAX. By Rev.  
A. Y. MOORE. Published by T. B. Peter-  
son & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE LIVES OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT  
AND SCHUYLER COLFAX. Published by T.  
B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

LITERARY POLITICAL WORKS. Complete,  
with a Life of the Author. Published by  
D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also  
for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia.

THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN. A Ro-  
mance. By SIR WALTER SCOTT. Pub-  
lished by D. Appleton & Co., New York;  
and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila-  
delphia.

HAMPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE,  
August, 1868. Published by Harper & Bros.,  
New York; and also for sale by Claxton,  
Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE, August.  
Published by Hurd & Houghton, New  
York.

THE GALAXY, for August. Published by  
Sheldon & Co., New York.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, for August.  
Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co.,  
Philadelphia.

DEMOREST'S YOUNG AMERICA, for Au-  
gust. Published by W. Jennings Demorest,  
New York.

THE PRODIGAL SON. By the Rev. W.  
MOHLEY PENSION, M. A. With a Preface  
to the American edition, by Rev. GILBERT  
HAYES. Published by Roberts Bros., Bos-  
ton, and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott,  
Philadelphia.

THE PRAESIDIUM. A Poem. By J.  
DUNBAR HYLTON, M. D., author of "Lays of  
Ancient Hymns." "The Bride of Gettys-  
burg," &c., &c.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDI-  
CAL SCIENCES. Edited by ISAAC HAYS,  
M. D. Published by Henry C. Lea, Phila-  
delphia.

CORRESPONDENCE ON THE SUBJECT OF  
ATMOSPHERIC ELECTRICITY. Published for  
distribution. By BETH BOYDEN.

CAPE COD AND ALL ALONG SHORE:  
Stories. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. Pub-  
lished by Harper & Bros., New York; and  
also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffel-  
finger, Philadelphia.

THE NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY. Edited  
by WILLIAM SMITH, LL. D. With Maps and  
Woodcuts. Published by Harper & Bros.,  
New York; and also for sale by Claxton,  
Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

HAMILTON'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE  
GREAT REBELLION. Nos. 33, 34 and 35.  
Published by Harper & Bros., New York;  
and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen &  
Haffelfinger, Phila.

MIDSHIPMAN KAY. By Captain MAR-  
RYATT. Published by D. Appleton & Co.,  
New York; and also for sale by G. W.  
Pitcher, Philadelphia.

PUNCH'S POCKET BOOK OF FUN. Being  
cuts and cuttings from the Wit and Wisdom  
of twenty-five volumes of Punch. Published  
by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also  
for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for August.  
Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE AND REVIEW,  
for July. Published by Fowler & Moon,  
Philadelphia.

#### THE LOCUSTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR. EDITOR:—I see in the column headed  
"News of the Week," June 27th 1868, a  
statement concerning the locusts. And in  
many other Eastern papers, the same state-  
ment. "Seventeen years Locusts!" Why  
not say twenty-five years locusts. One state-  
ment would in fact be as good as the other,  
since neither would be true. Now I am an  
old man, and to some extent have been a  
tolerably close observer of some things, and  
therefore I may claim the appellation of being  
an old observer.

These insects have a regular cycle of  
their own—and, by the-by, as regular as  
any other cycle, either lunar, solar, or golden  
cycle—which is repeated every thirteen  
years. To my certain knowledge, they ap-  
peared in Kentucky about the 20th day of  
May, 1816; again, May 20th, 1829. Again,  
in Tennessee, May 20th, 1842. Again, in  
Illinois, May 20th, 1855. Again, in Illinois,  
May 20th, 1868. And from the date herein  
stated, they will appear again in the year  
1881, 1894, 1907, 1920, 1933, 1946, 1959, 1972,  
and so on.

Now it is nothing to me whether writers  
and paper journalists correct their state-  
ments about these insects or not. They will  
be about in the cycle of their appointed  
way, and obey the great law of their being  
and destination, whether the papers report  
their history right or wrong. They appear  
as above stated—live forty days—do mis-  
chief only to the orchards and forest trees  
by making incisions in the tender branches,  
in which to deposit their eggs. They are  
not poison, as some foolishly imagine; fowls  
and birds, of nearly all kinds, feed on them  
without injury. They never devour vegeta-  
tion, by feeding on it like the grasshopper,  
caterpillar, and other kindred insects.

AN OLD OBSERVER.

THE PAPERS are chuckling over a  
statement that in a certain part of Utah  
Territory there are one hundred inhabitants  
among whom there has been but one death  
in five years. This extraordinary result is  
attributed to the absence of doctors, not one  
being within call.

At Mantua, in Italy, recently, a dis-  
ciple of Garibaldi conducted a "baptismal  
ceremony" in this mode: The godfather  
put his right hand on the head of the child,  
and the godmother on its feet, then the first  
said, "In the name of reason, of human so-  
ciety, of the country, and of thy family, I  
name thee Rome. Mayest thou become good  
and happy."

It is designed to supercede the office of  
the lampbrush by a clockwork attached to  
the tops of the London street lamps, which  
shall turn them full on at stated times every  
night, and shut them nearly off every  
morning. The gas being kept constantly  
burning during the day, with a small blue  
flame, duly prevented against extinction by  
the wind.

The Mayor of Philadelphia having  
married a green couple, and been inquired  
of as to "his charge," replied that he al-  
ways left that to the liberality of the  
groom; whereupon the new-made husband  
seized him by the hand and giving it a cor-  
dial grip, exclaimed, "Gosh! Mr. Mayor,  
you're the man for me. You just leave it  
with my liberality as long as you like; it'll  
be safe there, I kin tell you," and giving  
the chief magistrate another grip and shake,  
he took his leave.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

CAPTAIN F. A. DEPEYSTER.  
LATE GOVERNOR OF SAILORS' SNUG HAR-  
BOR, STATEN ISLAND.

BY CAPT. SAMUEL WHITING.



【譯文】 又說：

On the 17th of July, Mr. James T. Howard, in 46th year.



## WAITING.

The stars shine on his pathway,  
The trees bend back their leaves,  
To guide him to the meadow,  
Among the golden sheaves.  
Where stand I longing—loving,  
And listening as I wait,  
To the nightingale's wild singing,  
Sweet singing to its mate.

The breeze comes sweet from heaven,  
And the music in the air  
Heralds my lover's coming,  
And tells me he is there.  
Come! for my arms are empty;  
Come! for the day was long;  
Turn the darkness into glory,  
The sorrow into song.

I hear his footfall's music,  
I feel his presence near,  
His breath is warm upon me,  
And tells me he is here.  
Oh, stars! shine on your brightest;  
Oh, nightingale! sing sweet,  
To guide him to me waiting,  
And speed his flying feet.

## SAVED BY A BULLET.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

"Do you know," said the smallest and weakest of all of us—"do you know, I should like to experience the sensation of killing somebody?"

Everybody smiled—some laughed—at the idea of poor little timid Minimus, becoming a homicide; but the train of thought suggested by his quaint remark was one that stimulated comment, and for the next half hour speculation ran riot through the esthetics of murder, suicide, and chance medley.

It has well-nigh become proverbial that the present situation, more especially, perhaps, if it be a pleasant one, is very apt to remind us of its antipodes. Perishing travelers amid the snow wastes of Siberia, are said to conjure up tormenting visions of feather beds, hot chimney corners, and delectable whiskey toddies. The miserable mortal, gasping in the last pangs of starvation, will picture to his hungry soul such a feast as never graced the board of Lucullus, and here we, a round half-dozen of city chums, lying lazily on our backs on the velvet sward of Staten Island, on a delicious, drowsy afternoon of summer, watching, through the rifts in our cigar smoke, the white sails of the pilot boats skimming the bay, and the lengthening black trails from the pipes of the steamers—here we must needs turn away from the Arcadian topics suggested by our surroundings, and talk of blood, war and violence. After each of us but one had said, Minimus called for Crocker, whereupon that one aroused him from his tobacco trance, and emphatically inquired what we were making such a row about, and as to why a fellow could not be allowed to smoke his pipe in peace.

"But I say, Crocker," persisted Minimus, "did you ever kill a man?"

"I suppose so; lots of 'em. Didn't the United States pay me for doing just that for four years or more?"

"Oh yes, of course; but that was all confusion and butchery, you know. There wasn't any individual killing about it, and none of that queer sensation that a man must feel when he puts steel or bullet right into the other fellow before him."

"And which isn't half as queer, I fancy," said Crocker, in his dryest way, "as the sensation of the other fellow."

Then there was a laugh at Minimus. But the little one was on the keen scent after a story, and was not to be ridiculed out of it. So he returned to the charge.

"Well, Colonel, you know what I mean, if I can't philosophize correctly over it. So tell us all you can about it, for it will interest us all. Do you really know of any one man you ever killed? If you, tell us how it happened, and just how you felt."

Our Crocker was a pretty fair specimen of the higher order of Young America, and as he now sat and smoked, cross-legged, searching the stores of his fertile memory for an experience such as Minimus had requested, there was much of positive character to be seen in his strongly cut profile and steely blue eye. Barely turned thirty, he had already been in almost every nook and corner of the world, had run away to sea when less than fifteen, and voyaged to the South Sea in a New Bedford whaler; had been round the world before the mast before twenty; graduated at Yale a few years after, made and spent two fortunes in California and Australia, had dabbled a little at the stock-board, and won and lost fabulous sums in horse flesh; and finally, had fought the war through, leaving an arm at Pleasant Hill, up Red River, where he commanded his regiment in that desperate fight. We considered him a fellow entirely after his own kind, and of no ordinary kind, too. So, when Minimus began to call him out, we edged closer about him, quite sure that we should have a red-lettered leaf from his teeny experience. And we had it, as follows:

Modern warfare is too scientific to be called butchery or murder. The tendency of all these astonishing improvements in ordnance is to keep the combatants widely apart, as if to leave no possible opportunity for individual bad blood. Generally, our fighting is a kind of intangible warfare, in which the soldier becomes a kind of automaton; he loads and fires like a well-regulated machine, and at the end of an hour he has possibly killed two men, and put three more hors de combat; but he can't and don't realize any such thing. We march our armies up to within half a mile of each other, and there hammer and pound till one of the two gets an over-dose of lead, and has to withdraw; and no man of the twenty thousand victors can walk over the bloody field and select his own victims. Sometimes, rarely enough, we have a bayonet-rush or a cavalry-chase; but these are very exceptional. That jolly practical style of slaughter in which the Romans and Africans delighted, when they sailed into each other with swords, slings, and javelins, has disappeared before organization and mechanism; it is the steadiness of the man, not the prowess of the individual, that prevails now, and close bugs on the battle field have pretty much gone out of date. Threemene and Gettysburg were both big fights, but there was a very decided difference in the way the combatants killed each other.

Well, and what of it? Merely to illustrate to you that Minimus is right when he says that there can't be much of the real sensation of killing in our latter-day fighting.

But I can tell you of an experience which I once had that may satisfy your curiosity on this point; because human sensation is in all so near akin, that if you can enter into the spirit of the narrative, you can very easily imagine the scene, and each of you yourself as the principal actor. I do not relate it boastfully or vaingloriously. It was one of the hardest necessities that ever pressed me, to take human life with deliberate intention; but when it forced itself upon me on that memorable midsummer noon, I may say, without exaggeration, that I met the ordeal as calmly as I now smoke this meerschaum. But you shall hear.

It was in July, 1863. Three weeks before, I rushed with my regiment up against the walls of Fort Hudson, in the changing column which Banks sent out one bloody Sunday, and was carried from the ditch with a ball flattened against my ribs. The surgeon pronounced it serious; I knew better, for this was an old business to me, and dangerous wounds never feel as that did. However, I was carried over to the Landing, and shipped to New Orleans with a thousand others; and after a week in hospital, I was walking alone, lonesome and restless, and fancying myself well enough for the front again.

Those were troublous times in New Orleans. For three weeks Banks had been hammering at the gates of Fort Hudson without avail, while his gallant little army dwindled away with fever, the bullet and the trenches. West of the river, Dick Taylor had swarmed down upon our outposts, capturing them in detail, and was lying at this moment at the head of Bayou La Fourche, blockading the Mississippi with six thousand men, and heavy guns enough to sink the supply steamers for the army as fast as they came up. In the city, there was heaving beneath many a double row of battens. The force left to hold it had been small enough at first, and General Banks had drawn contingents from it until it was reduced to a very few effective regiments and batteries. Secesh exulted and reared up its head in anticipation of Taylor's appearance in the city by the Fourth of July, as he had promised.

Just at this time a plot was discovered among the citizens to set at liberty four hundred Southern prisoners confined in the Belleville Iron Works opposite. The plot was nipped; but, as a measure of safety, it was determined to send them immediately to Fort Monroe, for parole and exchange. A detail of five officers and one hundred men was drawn from the hospitals of the city, myself being the senior officer, and placed in charge of the prisoners, with orders to turn them over to the commissary officer at the Fort, and then return immediately. The official papers of this expedition, by a stretch of military courtesy, styled us the "Convalescent Guard," but I think the "Crippled Century" would have been a far more appropriate designation.

I was told in advance that the service was a delicate, possibly a dangerous one; that within a month a transport load of prisoners had overpowered their guard off the Virginia coast, run the steamer ashore, plundered it, and made their way to the enemy's lines up the James.

"Could they not give me an efficient guard?" I asked.

No, they could not. Not a soldier could be spared who could shoulder a musket or stand on the picket line in the field; I could have just one hundred of the convalescents, and must make the most of them.

The steamer lay at the Algiers wharf, and there I ranged my new command in a double line, while the crowd of prisoners passed between to their stowage in the hold; and my heart sank at the appearance of the detail. There were many good soldiers among them, but hardly a sound, vigorous man in the party. Many were enfeebled, lame, and suffering with wounds; many were poor wretches, hollow checked and hollow chested with fever, and the majority of them seemed to need the support of their muskets to keep them on their feet. And this was the material with which I was to overawe and keep in subjection this bulky crowd of prisoners during a week's voyage! I resolved to do all that man could do, but it was with grave apprehensions that I watched the spike of the Crescent City disappear, and saw the boat plunging swiftly down to the blue water.

My fears were groundless; the voyage went by pleasantly and prosperously, with hardly a cloud in the sky, a swell on the surface of the summer sea, or a ripple of agitation among the dubious freight we carried. There was incessant mirth, singing, and good humor among the prisoners, from first to last. I relaxed to vigilance; the guard was kept sharply up to duty, and the most careful watch kept over the hold, as well as in it, to ensure against plots and surprises. But there was no plot, there was no thought of rising; and when, on the sixth of July, we anchored under the frothing walls of old Monroe, and passed our prisoners over the side into the flag of true blue, it was to convey them to Fort Richmond, my heart warmed to the fellows for their good behavior, and I found myself able to respond heartily to the cheery cry that some of them sent back.

"Good-by, old fellow! You 'uns are pretty good 'uns, after all; we don't believe we want to fight you any more!"

We stayed but an hour in the Roads—long enough to catch up the glorious note of victory that was hardly done pealing up from the field of Gettysburg—and then we laid out for New York, where we expected to find a transport to take us back. In due time we were landed over yonder at Governor's Island, and after I had seen my men provided with barracks and rations, and had joined the jovial lieutenants whom the hard exigencies of the war had compelled to serve in this quiet time of the situation, I enjoyed a few days of pleasant rest and refreshment. It was delightful to sit after dinner in the cool, shady quarters overlooking the water, and speculate over our ears about the war and its vicissitudes. Some of these subalterns had been in active service; all were West Pointers; and phlegmatic as I was, the nonchalance with which they discussed the prospect of promotion which might follow the great battle, was rather astounding to my volunteer ears.

"Hooray!" yelled Lieutenant P—, spinning the morning paper across the floor. "Doubleday mortally wounded—my captain in the regulars, you know—and there's a promotion, sure."

And then the unforgiving young savages began to congratulate the lucky man, and to bewail their own hard fortune. But General Doubleday was not mortally wounded, as later reports said; and then the lieutenant gave vent to impatient disgust, declaring that there was nothing but selfishness among the seniors in the service, and that there was no chance at all for a sub.

On the morning of the 10th, I was notified

to be ready to embark at noon with my command, on the steamer Matanzas.

"You will have some duty, on board, enough to keep you from laziness," old Colonel Loomis said to me. "I have had forty-seven men from the Department of the Gulf here under guard for some weeks, waiting for just such a chance. They are desperate fellows, most of them—deserters from Banks's army. The enemy treated them as prisoners of war, and exchanged them down at the fortress; but, it seems, their real character was reported ahead of them, and we are sending them back to be dealt with. You'll need to keep a sharp eye on them."

If I was surprised to hear that so many men could desert from one of our armies to the enemy, I understood the matter perfectly when I took charge of them aboard the tug that carried us over to the Matanzas. They were the lowest offscourings of military life—penitentiary brats, bounty jumpers, blacklegs—the scum, in short, of a whole department. Most of them claimed membership with a notorious cavalry regiment raised in New Orleans, into which swarmed the felons of the city who were allowed to enlist; others came indifferently from a dozen regiments, which were, for the time being, happily rid of them. I spotted a few bold, villainous-looking customers, whom I mentally pronounced fit for any outrage; and on them I resolved to keep a careful eye. I think the Union cause would have been substantially benefited by keeping the crew at Governor's Island till the close of the war; but as my own business was simply to obey orders, I took charge of them, and the Matanzas went out of the harbor. We had a large number of passengers aboard—about a dozen major-generals, late of the Potomac Army, going to Louisiana with his staff, to report to Banks; several school-ma'ams, bound for New Orleans and a wife sphere of duty among the Freedmen; three cotton speculators; several sutlers, and some dozens of officers returning from sick leaves.

The weather held pleasant, and the days passed away delightfully in such little occupations as people beguile themselves with at sea. No serious thought of trouble with the deserters had entered my brain; knowing their character, I watched them closely, and up to the last day of the voyage discovered nothing amiss. Their comfort was as well attended to as possible, their rations were regularly dealt out, and I had given orders that they should have the liberty of the forehold during the day. I had heard nothing from them, thus far, but an occasional oath, or sullen muttering, which seemed to mean nothing more than an escape-valve for their general malignity. A sergeant of the guard, in whom I put some confidence, pointed out to me two of them who he said were in the habit of spending hours out by the foot of the bowsprit, talking earnestly together, and that more than once he had seen one of them pointing at me, and making motions as he talked, toward different parts of the steamer; but it hardly seemed to me that the fellow could intend any mischief. Certainly I did not look for it to come in the way it did.

Our voyage drew near its close. We had passed the bar outside Southwest Pass, where we learned from the pilot that Fort Hudson had surrendered ten days before; and when the cabin passengers came on deck after dinner, we were steaming up between the reedy marshes which line the lower Mississippi. The prisoners were gathered in knots about the wheel-house and taffrail forward; the guard lounging negligently among them. I walked forward to take a nearer inspection; and the thought occurred to me that it could not be safe to allow the prisoners any further liberty of the deck. There were very likely expert swimmers among them who could easily gain the shore after nightfall, without observation; and, as we neared the city, we should have small boats swarming about us. So I gave the order to the sergeant to fall in both guard and prisoners, and that the latter go below at the roll-call.

The order was obeyed slowly, reluctantly, and with a wail. More than one muttered oath, or sullen coupling with my name, and more than one glance of devilish passion was shot from that line to where I was standing by the forward ladder. But there was no open disobedience. The sergeant called the roll, and as each man answered he went down into the hold. I watched the proceedings in silence, resolved not to interfere except in case of absolute necessity.

When about three-fourths of the names had been answered, that of Henry Rolan was called. The man who came forward was the same whom the sergeant had suspected. He came up promptly, gave me an impudent stare, and placed his foot on the first round of the ladder.

"Damn him!" were his words, as he turned his head toward the men. "Damn him, I say; he's no more feeling for us than a kite. Even the upstart straps!"

The round words, coupled with my name, and more than one glance of devilish passion was shot from that line to where I was standing by the forward ladder. But there was no open disobedience. The sergeant called the roll, and as each man answered he went down into the hold. I watched the proceedings in silence, resolved not to interfere except in case of absolute necessity.

When about three-fourths of the names had been answered, that of Henry Rolan was called. The man who came forward was the same whom the sergeant had suspected. He came up promptly, gave me an impudent stare, and placed his foot on the first round of the ladder.

"Damn him!" were his words, as he turned his head toward the men. "Damn him, I say; he's no more feeling for us than a kite. Even the upstart straps!"

The round words, coupled with my name, and more than one glance of devilish passion was shot from that line to where I was standing by the forward ladder. But there was no open disobedience. The sergeant called the roll, and as each man answered he went down into the hold. I watched the proceedings in silence, resolved not to interfere except in case of absolute necessity.

When about three-fourths of the names had been answered, that of Henry Rolan was called. The man who came forward was the same whom the sergeant had suspected. He came up promptly, gave me an impudent stare, and placed his foot on the first round of the ladder.

"Damn him!" were his words, as he turned his head toward the men. "Damn him, I say; he's no more feeling for us than a kite. Even the upstart straps!"

The round words, coupled with my name, and more than one glance of devilish passion was shot from that line to where I was standing by the forward ladder. But there was no open disobedience. The sergeant called the roll, and as each man answered he went down into the hold. I watched the proceedings in silence, resolved not to interfere except in case of absolute necessity.

When about three-fourths of the names had been answered, that of Henry Rolan was called. The man who came forward was the same whom the sergeant had suspected. He came up promptly, gave me an impudent stare, and placed his foot on the first round of the ladder.

"Damn him!" were his words, as he turned his head toward the men. "Damn him, I say; he's no more feeling for us than a kite. Even the upstart straps!"

The round words, coupled with my name, and more than one glance of devilish passion was shot from that line to where I was standing by the forward ladder. But there was no open disobedience. The sergeant called the roll, and as each man answered he went down into the hold. I watched the proceedings in silence, resolved not to interfere except in case of absolute necessity.

following me closely. I descended the ladder first, the lieutenant next, and then the soldiers. The prisoners were mostly gathered together near the foot of the ladder, and scowls fell thick upon me as I passed through them. I searched closely for my man before I found him. He was not on the floor of the hold, in the passages, nor among the bunks, so far as I could at first discover; but after some minutes I spied him, crouched away in the darkest corner of an upper tier of bunks.

"Come down, and go on deck!" I said, abruptly. He gave neither motion nor word, but sat staring at me, unabashed and unrepentant.

"Come down, sir," I repeated; and with the words I laid my hand on my pistol. The fellow comprehended my meaning very quickly.

"Shoot me, will you?" he screamed, in a voice that sounded more like the growl of a wild beast than the articulate speech of a human being. "Shoot me, hey! Oh, by—, I'd like to see you try it! I'll kill you—I'll shoot you first!"

"I shall attempt no description of the fearful brutality of the man's appearance; nor could I repeat one-half the shocking oaths he hurled at me. But I was not intimidated at all. I was determined to take him on deck and punish him at all hazards. Watching him sharply, I ordered one of the men to climb up the first tier of bunks and prick him with his bayonet hard enough to bring him down. This had the desired effect. Waiting until he was certain that the soldier meant to obey me, Rolan clambered down and dropped on the floor, filling the hold with curses and imprecations.

"Now start forward!" I said. "You will go above either dead or alive. Go to that ladder!"

He moved along slowly at first, until I again ordered the guard to help him with his bayonet, and then he went on, spitting out his profanity, and abusing me by name with the worst of epithets. At the foot of the ladder he made a stand, and resolutely declared he would not stir a foot further.

"Go on," I said, "or take the bayonet."

"Boys, are you going to let him treat me in this way?" he cried, with an oath, abruptly turning to them and holding out his hands. The prisoners had surged up solidly around us as we stood there, and were regarding us with knotted brows and clenched fists. "Knock him down, boys, can't you? Just get me away from him, and I'll show—"

"Stand back!" I shouted, drawing my pistol. There was movement of those next me, and a clear space was quickly made. "If any man attempts a rescue, I'll shoot him without a word."

And nobody did. I placed the two guards with their bayonets charged towards the crowd, ordering them to transfix the first man who should offer any interference; and then turning to Rolan, cocked my pistol, and peremptorily commanded him to mount to the deck. There was something in my voice, or in the muzzle of that pistol, that coerced him into obedience; he went up, still muttering, but not so loudly.

Again on deck, I stationed more guards at the hatch, and ordered the corporal on duty to go to the mate and borrow a pair of handcuffs. Rolan stood with his back to the rail, glowering at me beneath his sullen brows. He heard the order, saw the corporal start, and quickly asked:

"Do you mean them for me?"

I made no answer; I would have no more parleying. But my purpose had been from the first to handcuff, gag him, and tie him in the rigging. As I continued silent, he broke out with another torrent of oaths, defying me, and daring me to lay a hand on him. Lieutenant Hall said, in a low voice, which reached my ear only:

"The fellow is desperate; you must be on your guard. And Colonel, good heavens! look into the hold!"

I motioned one of the guard to stand between Rolan and myself, and threw a glance over my shoulder toward the hatch. The sight was enough to chill the blood of a Christian. The prisoners had crowded densely forward to the ladder, some with their hands resting on it, as if under an impulse to ascend, and filling the space as far back as the sides of the hatch permitted the eye to look. They were standing as closely together as it was possible for human beings to stand, many on tiptoe, their hands clenched, their eyes protruded; some with their mouths open, like wild beasts, and all glaring up at me with such a malignant expression as some of the old masters have contrived to throw into the pictured countenance of the Fiend.

"Look to the guard," I whispered to Hall. "Here are the shackles."

The corporal handed them to me. Rolan instantly dismissed his noisy, profane talk, folded his arms, and looked me straight in the eye.

"I warn you not to put those things on me," he said. "Remember—I warn you! You'll repent it if you do."

I continued perfectly calm; but the cool determination of the fellow's manner gave me a more vivid realization of danger than I had yet gained.

And I will tell you why I was cool: It was because I had been prepared two years for just such an emergency. In entering the service, I had resolved that I would be the last to take life in the enforcement of discipline, so long as the necessity could be avoided; but that when it became a necessity, I should not hesitate an instant. And I believe I realized to the full the peril that threatened me; I knew that Hall, the sergeant, and myself, might be disarmed and trampled upon by a desperate rush of the prisoners upon us, even though we might kill half a dozen of them; and that when we were out of the way, they would have little difficulty in overcoming and disarming my feeble guard. And what could they then do? Ask rather what could they not do? There were spirits among those forty-seven ripe for any desperate undertaking, and it was entirely within the bounds of possibility that they should run the boat back to some convenient spot on the coast, where they might abandon it and make good their escape. There was everything to prompt these desperadoes to such an undertaking; the immunity from military punishment for their offences, the hope of plunder, and a speedy escape from the scogie. Certainly, I realized it all as I stood there on the mid-deck of the Matanzas, facing the ruffian, and just about to speak the words which might overwhelm us in successful mutiny.

The sergeant stood just at my right; the corporal at my left; Hall immediately beyond him, and Rolan exactly in front of me, not more than four feet away. We five made an irregular circle of about a yard in diameter. My thinking was done in less time than one of these pipe whiffs is drawn

following me closely. I descended the ladder first, the lieutenant next, and then the soldiers. The prisoners were mostly gathered together near the foot of the ladder, and scowls fell thick upon me as I passed through them. I searched closely for my man before I found him. He was not on the floor of the hold, in the passages, nor among the bunks, so far as I could at first discover; but after some minutes I spied him, crouched away in the darkest corner of an upper tier of bunks.

"Come down, and go on deck!" I said, abruptly. He gave neither motion nor word, but sat staring at me, unabashed and unrepentant.

"Come down, sir," I repeated; and with the words I laid my hand on my pistol. The fellow comprehended my meaning very quickly.

"Shoot me, will you?" he screamed, in a voice that sounded more like the growl of a wild beast than the articulate speech of a human being. "Shoot me, hey! Oh, by—, I'd like to see you try it! I'll kill you—I'll shoot you first!"

"I shall attempt no description of the fearful brutality of the man's appearance; nor could I repeat one-half the shocking oaths he hurled at me. But I was not intimidated at all. I was determined to take him on deck and punish him at all hazards. Watching him sharply, I ordered one of the men to climb up the first tier of bunks and prick him with his bayonet hard enough to bring him down. This had the desired effect. Waiting until he was certain that the soldier meant to obey me, Rolan clambered down and dropped on the floor, filling the hold with curses and imprecations.

"Now start forward!" I said. "You will go above either dead or alive. Go to that ladder!"

in and expelled; and, just as Rolan spoke, I reached out my hand toward the sergeant, with the handcuffs.

"Take them, sergeant, and fasten his hands," I said.

But he had not touched them—nay, his own arm had hardly begun to extend itself forward—when Rolan, with a quick, cat-like motion, snatched the shackles from my hand, tossed them overboard, and turned upon me. His eyes were afire with mad, brutish passion; his fists clenched and elevated, and his foot took one step toward me. It all happened in an instant, in the snap of a finger, and I was ready for him. My pistol was drawn and the hammer up before the shackles struck the water; and as he took that step, in just such an attitude as I have seen a prize-fighter assume on a quick offensive, I shot him.

"Did you mean to kill him?" asked Minimus.

"I certainly did; and I say, in all humility what I think, that to my promptness alone that ship, with the crew and passengers, were indebted for their salvation. The ball struck him in the left breast, just above the heart, severing the great artery, as I afterward learned. He jerked his right hand up to the place, and settled heavily to the deck, at my feet, with the cry:

"Oh, boys, he's killed me, he's killed me!" And from the hold came up a responsive cry, "You murderer, you murderer!"

I bent down over him as his head fell to the deck. The heat of the action was yet in me, but it was in all kindness that I asked him:

"What have you to say? Who has been right in this business?"

He turned his eyes to me. The demon had all left them, and he spoke in a voice that was burdened with terror.

"You was right—and I was wrong—wrong—wrong! But, oh, for God's sake, pray for me! pray for me!"

The color left his face in an instant. They were his last articulate words; he died in three minutes.

Up to this time I believe I had not been excited; but just as I rose to my feet, with my eyes fixed on the dead man's face, the cry of "murderer" was flung at me again from the hold, and then, I confess, I could not restrain my temper. I sprang down the ladder with the smoking revolver in my hand, and faced the crowd. They fell back without a word, cowed. I think, by the silent determination they saw in me.

"Men, I hope you understand me now," I said. "I will have no epithets, nor anything that looks like insubordination. You have compelled me to do what I have done, by your own folly, and now remember—I will deal as sternly with any man who attempts a mutiny."

They believed me, and acted accordingly. This was the last of a revolt which I have now good reason to believe had waited its opportunity since the day of our leaving Governor's Island; and I have the testimony of many officers high in rank, that the effect of the example which I set was most salutary. Within a week I had turned over my precious crew to their respective commanding officers; and I am at liberty to hope that their punishments were commensurate with their deserts.

"And how did you get out of the scrape?"—that little interrogation point, Minimus, asked.

We were at New Orleans that night. On the following day I went up to the headquarters of General Emory, then commanding the defenses, to report to his adjutant-general the result of my mission, and the return of the party. Just as I had reached the climax of my narrative, as I have related it to you, the General walked in, and caught my last words.

"How's that?" he interrupted, sharply, bending his shaggy brows, and lifting his bonnet front ominously upon me. "What's that, sir? Repeat it."

And I repeated it briefly, giving the exact truth of the affair. He listened attentively, and when I had concluded, looked me very sternly in the eye.

"And so you shot a soldier?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"Deserter, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Humph! Deserter to the enemy's lines?"

"Yes, sir."

"Humph, humph! How many more of them did you bring me?"

"Forty-six live ones, sir."

"Well, sir, you have done well—just what you should have done. I believe you've got the stuff in you for a soldier. Why the devil didn't you shoot them all—hey? Colonel Smith! write an order exonerating Colonel Crocker from all blame in this affair. We have no officers to spare for courts of inquiry, and I'll take the responsibility myself. Good morning, Colonel. I hope to meet you often."

The thing seemed to please the old man hugely; and I have pretty good proof that he remembered me. It was ten months afterward, away up the Red River, in the front of that savage battle at Pleasant Hill, that I received the wound that cost me this arm. The General was right on the line when I was struck; and I believe he saw the wound as soon as I felt it, for I heard him sing out:

"Colonel Crocker, you're hit, and hard too, I'm afraid. Take this orderly's horse and get to the rear—quick, sir! quick! Go to the headquarters ambulance, half a mile back."

I might have stayed long enough to get another bullet, if the old man hadn't ordered me away so peremptorily. So it is just possible that the taking of that miserable life aboard the Matanzas was the saving of my own at Pleasant Hill.—*The Galaxy.*

THE POCKET COMPASS.—A story is told of an old fellow in Michigan, who, when the country was new, got lost in the woods several times while hunting. He was told to buy a pocket compass, which he did, and a friend explained to him its use. He soon got lost, and lay out as usual. When found, he was asked why he did not travel by the compass. He stated that he did not dare to. He wished to go north, and he "tried hard to make the blamed thing point north, but 'twan't no use; 'twould diddle, diddle, diddle right around, and point about south-east every time!"

A very good woman, though somewhat given to worldly vanities, was lamenting the loss of a child (one of a family of eight) "because," said she, "there was just enough for a cotillon, and they did dance so prettily."



## HANS BREITMANN IN HARTLAND.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

Der Breitmann mit his gompany  
Rode out in Maryland;  
"Der's nichts to drink in dis countrie,  
My troat's as dry as sand.  
It's canteen and haversack,  
It's hunger mixed mit doornst;  
Und if we had some lagerbier,  
I'd drink until I boorat.  
Gling, glang, gloria!  
We'd drink until we boorat.

"Her Leutnant, take a dozen men,  
Und ride dis land around!  
Herr Feldwebel, go foragin,  
Dill somedings goot is found.  
Gotts-doonder! men, go plounder!  
We hafn't trinked a bit  
Dis fourteen hours! If I had bier,  
I'd sauf until we shplitt!  
Gling, glang, gloria!  
We'd sauf until we shplitt."

At mitternacht, a horse's hoofs  
Came rattlin' trod de camp;  
"Rouse dere! Coom, rouse der house dere!  
Herr Capitain, we moost trump!  
De secuds have found a repel town,  
Mit repel davern near;  
A repel killer in de croud,  
Mit repel lagerbier!  
Gling, glang, gloria!  
All fool of lagerbier!"

Gottsdonnerkreuzschoppschwerenoth!  
Herr Breitmann broked de bush!  
"O let me see dat lagerbier!  
O let me at him rush!  
Und is mein sabre sharp und true?  
Und is mein war-horse goot?  
To get one quart of lagerbier,  
I'd shpill a sea of blood.  
Gling, glang, gloria!  
Like blitzen trod de shky."

"Fuenf hoondert repels hold de down!  
One hoondert strong are we!  
Who gares a tam for all de odds,  
Wenn men so dirty pe!  
And in dey smashed, und down dey crashed,  
Like donderbolts dey fly;  
Rush fort as der wild razer cooms  
Mit blitzen trod de shky.  
Gling, glang, gloria!  
Like blitzen trod de shky."

How flew to rite, how flew to left  
De mo indians, drees, und hedge;  
How left und rite de yager corps  
Went donderin trod de pride.  
Und splash und splash dey ford die shstream,  
Where not some prides pe;  
All drippin in de moonlight peam,  
Streaks went de cavillier!  
Gling, glang, gloria!  
Der Breitmann's cavallier!"

Und hoory, hoory, on dey rote,  
Oonheedin vet or try,  
Und horse und rider short und blowed,  
Und shparklin bopples fly.  
"Ropp! ropp! I shmed de barley-prew,  
Dere's someting goot ish near;  
Ropp! ropp! I scent de knueperel;  
We've got to lager bier!  
Gling, glang, gloria!  
We've got to lager bier!"

He! how de carpine pullets klined  
Oopon de helmets hart!  
Oh, Breitmann—how dey sabre wringed;  
Du alter knasterbier!  
De contrapande dey sing for choey  
To see the rebs go down,  
Und hear der Breitmann grimly gry:  
"Hoorah!—we've dook de down.  
Gling, glang, gloria!  
Victoria, victoria!  
De Dootch have dook de down."

Mit shout und crash und sabre flash,  
And wild husaren shout,  
De Dootchen boord de keller in,  
Und rolled de lager out,  
And in de coulin powder smoke,  
While schtill de pullets sung,  
Dere schtoud der Breitmann, axe in hand,  
A knuckin' out de boong.  
Gling, glang, gloria!  
Victoria, encooria!  
De shpicket beats de boong.

Gotts! vot a shprece der Breitmann had  
While yet his hand was red,  
A trinking lager from his boots  
Among de repel tead,  
Twas dey went at mitternight,  
Along der moundain side;  
Twas dus dey help make hi-story!  
Dis was der Breitmann's ride,  
Gling, glang, gloria!  
Victoria! victoria!  
Cervisia, encooria!

De treadful mittnigh ride  
Of Breitmann's wild Freischarlinger,  
All famous, broad, und wide.

## What is in the Moon.

Is the moon habitable? To this question the seismographer will reply by pointing out the mountains and its almost entirely volcanic features, its bare and arid surface—soil it has none—its want of atmosphere, and the extremes of burning heat and more than arctic cold to which it is in quick alternation exposed. Vast sahara without a single oasis; piles of mountains, but, unlike those of the Andes, Himalayas or Hindu-Kush, they have no snow-capped summits and woody sides, no streams and torrents, the beginnings of mighty rivers. In vain the eye searches for fertile valley or green meadow, or

Tempered sun and winter, earth, and air, in changing composition ever mix.  
There is no variation of color or appearance of surface which would indicate vegetation or a change of seasons. The absence of such an atmospheric investment, with its attendant clouds, as is given to the earth, exposes the lunar surface to the direct and unbroken force of the sun's rays, which are also radiated back from it into space without being refracted. The vaporous atmosphere which acts as a warm clothing to the earth is wanting to the moon. The great extremes and rapid alternations of temperature would of themselves render animal life impossible, at least in such organisms as are found in the earth. The alternation is that of unmitigated and burning sunshine continued for an entire fortnight, and an intensity of cold far exceeding that of our Arctic Winter for the same time. We read Captain Stuart's narrative of his travels of exploration into the interior of Australia, that in one place, "the ground was almost a molten surface, and if a match fell upon it, it immediately ignited." But even this is quite tolerable when compared with the

maximum heat of the moon, which is estimated by Althaus, the German physicist, to be eight hundred and forty degrees of Fahrenheit; it occurs on the twenty-second day of lunation, or seven days after the day of full moon. This heat exceeds that of the fusing point of tin and lead. The greatest cold is about a half a day after the first quarter; it is equivalent to ninety-two degrees Fahrenheit below zero, or one hundred and twenty-four degrees below the freezing point which would suppose a fall of nine hundred and thirty-two degrees in about fifteen days. Such a picture as this is sadly at variance with the sanguine views advanced by the good Bishop of Chester, John Wilkins, brother-in-law to Oliver Cromwell, in "A Discourse tending to prove that 'tis probable there may be another Habitable World in the Moon," accompanied by a second "Discourse concerning the probability of a passage thither." In some of his guesses Bishop Wilkins was quite successful, as when he said that high mountains, deep valleys and spacious plains are to be found in the body of the moon; but he was at fault, as we know now, in supposing that this satellite has an atmosphere "of gross vaporous air" immediately accompanying its body. He thinks it probable that there may be inhabitants in the moon, but, with becoming caution, he does not venture to describe them. Increasing, however, in his faith, he suggests a belief of there being a paradise on the moon, as such a place, he alleges, ought to be exempt from the extremes of heat and cold—a condition of things which he assumes for this planet. Now-a-days, were one to indulge in speculations of this nature, and admit that they are really Lunarians, we should be compelled to believe that so far from enjoying an elysium, they are undergoing the torments of an inferno, to be described by another Dante. What rich materials for the genius of satire and song to people lunar regions with the doomed spirits of those who have acted prominent parts on the surface of our own earth from the beginning of the French revolution to the present time! The bishop believed that a voyage of discovery to the moon would be made at some future day. "We have not," he says, "now any Drake or Columbus to undertake this voyage, or any Daedalus to invent a conveyance through the air. However, I doubt not but that Time, who is still the father of new truths, and hath revealed unto us many things which our ancestors were ignorant of, will also manifest to our posterity that we now desire, but cannot know." Kepler is quoted as having no doubt but that as soon as the art of flying is found out, some of the nation of discoverers "will make one of the first colonies that shall inhabit the other world." Had Bishop Wilkins lived a century later, and seen the Montgolfiers sail through the air in a balloon, he would doubtless have been still more sanguine in the success of a lunar voyage; but nearly another century has passed and we are still as far from the moon as ever. We have not learned to navigate the atmospheric ocean by which we are surrounded; and even if science could reveal to us the means of doing so, our armaments could not pass beyond the limits of this ocean, or a distance of between forty and fifty miles at the most. Airless space, a dreary void, would furnish nothing to float in; but failing to offer the needed resistance to the surface of the distended balloon, this would be burst by the contained gas, and then would ensue a something worse than watery shipwreck for the adventurous voyagers.

## YESTERDAY.

What makes the king unhappy?  
His queen is young and fair,  
His children climb around him,  
With waving yellow hair.

His realm is broad and peaceful,  
He fears no foreign foe;  
And health to his veins comes leaping  
In all the winds that blow.

What makes the king unhappy?  
Alas! a little thing,  
That money cannot purchase,  
Or fleets and armies bring.

And yesterday he had it,  
And yesterday it went,  
With all the king's content.

For this he sits lamenting,  
And sighs, "Alack! alack!  
I'd give one half my kingdom,  
Could yesterday come back!"

## A Black Mare with a White Star.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

## CHAPTER I.

At precisely five minutes to twelve o'clock, on a certain October night in the last decade of the last century, a post-chaise drove up to the door of the *Green Bear*, a well-known family hotel and posting-house in the another town of Derby.  
Jim, remarked the postilion confidentially to his friend the hostler, as he slid his foot out of the stirrup, and dismounted. "Gemm! inside has had his purse and watch faked, and a nice temper he's in."

"Where did it happen this time?" asked Jim.  
"Just 't'other side of Spondon. You know Deadman's Lane? Well, that were the exact spot."

"Ay, ay! And was it the one this time again?"

"Who else should it be in this part of the country? It were the same black mare with a white star that I've seen twice afore, and with as Old Nick himself he is, from top to toe, and a rare good rider too."

Jim's powers of conversation being of a limited order, he resorted to a long low whistle, by way of expressing his interest and surprise at the news told him by his friend, and then went on with his work.

Meanwhile, the stranger inside the chaise had been released by an obsequious waiter, and ushered into the shut-up coffee-room, in the grate of which a remnant of fire still lingered. The candles were relighted, and then the landlord came in person to take the orders of his guest.

"Would the gentleman like to have a fire lighted in a private sitting-room? It could be done in five minutes," he said.

"Thank you; not to-night," said the stranger. "In the morning, I will look at your rooms. For the present, this one will do excellently. Supper, did you say? Yes; bring me a crust of home-made bread, and a mug of your best ale. And then to bed."

By this time, he had laid aside his long blue fur-collared travelling-cloak, and his far travelling-cap, and stood revealed as a bright-eyed, fresh-colored, middle-aged gentleman, with the not-to-be-mistaken air of a military man, although his present dress was that of a civilian; with iron-gray, unpowdered hair, cut short in front, but worked into a queue behind; and with small, gray, mutton-chop whiskers. Judging by the frown on his otherwise pleasant-looking face, he was unmistakably out of temper; but it was not till he had broken the smoldering lump of coal in the grate into minute fragments, and thereby relieved his over-charged feelings, that he vouchsafed an explanation to the landlord.

"A pretty welcome to one's native town!" he began—"a very pretty welcome indeed, after an absence of five and thirty years, to be set upon by a ruffian, and have to decide at a moment's notice between giving up one's purse and having a bullet through one's brain! I had better never have left the Canada." He spoke in a captious, high-pitched voice, and as if he were more annoyed than angered at what had befallen him—less troubled by the loss of his purse than by the fact of his having been compelled to yield it up without a struggle.

The landlord and the waiter exchanged looks. "Sorry, I'm sure, sir, to hear of your accident," said the former in a tone of respectful sympathy. "For the last three years, the neighborhood of this town has been infested by one of the biggest villains unhung; and you, sir, are neither the first nor the second that has suffered in like manner at his hands. A clever villain he is, too; and so far, has set all the constables in the country at defiance. Did you notice, sir, whether or not his face was blackened?"

"I did," said the stranger. "He wore no mask of any kind, such as I have heard that highwaymen customarily wear by way of disguise. His face was perfectly black, either naturally or artificially."

"And he rode a black horse, did he not, sir?"

"Either a black or a very dark bay one; a horse with a large white star in the centre of its forehead. That much I could see by the light of the chaise-lamps."

"The very same man," said the landlord emphatically.

The stranger drew a chair up to the fire, and sat down. He was evidently interested. "You say, landlord, that I am not the first who has been robbed by this fellow?"

"No indeed, sir; not by a dozen, or more than that. Hardly a single month has passed during any winter these three years without our hearing tell of at least one person, and the same fate that befell you, sir, to-night. One time, it was one of our most respected merchants returning home from a party with fifty guineas in his pocket, which he had won at whist. Another time, it was the Dean of Litchfield who was stopped. Mr. Dean was cased of watch, snuff-box, and purse. Next time, it was Lady Knutsford and her two daughters. They were stopped as they were on their way home from a ball at the assembly-rooms. Her Ladyship's necklace and rings were said to be worth six hundred pounds. These, and a dozen other robberies of less note, all perpetrated by the same man, with a blackened face, and mounted on a black mare that has a large white star in the middle of its forehead, have kept our little town in quite a ferment for some time past, and have driven our chief constable to the verge of despair. I believe that you, sir, are the first that has been stopped this season, and it is a sign that winter is setting in. Tom Crooke, an auctioneer of this town, was the last man that was robbed last season, and his little affair happened about the beginning of April."

"Tom Crooke?—I think I recollect that name," muttered the stranger below his breath.

"Yes, sir," resumed the voluble landlord; "and it is a singular fact that all these robberies, the work of one man, are committed within a radius of twelve miles from this town; now on the London Road, now on the Nottingham Road, now on the Ashbourne Road, now on the Duffield Road. The rider of the black mare with the white star seems to be here, there, and everywhere, and to be wonderfully lucky in picking out as his victims people having about them something worth taking. When he has done his little bit of business, he seems to vanish as mysteriously as he came, and is never heard of again, either there or elsewhere, till he turns up suddenly, a few weeks later, not a dozen miles from the same spot. Ah, sir, he's a shrewd fellow, he is, whatever his name may be when he's at home."

"Which is no consolation to me for the loss of my purse," murmured the stranger.

Then the landlord bowed and retired, and the stranger proceeded to the discussion of his homely supper. When he had drained the last drop of ale in the tankard, he wiped his mouth carefully with his handkerchief, and put on a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. Then he produced from the pocket of his cloak a small dog-eared Bible bound in plain calf; and drawing the pair of candles close to his nose, he proceeded to read a chapter before retiring for the night.

He read slowly and deliberately, with a movement of the lips as he repeated each word to himself, and with a slight movement of the head as his eyes went on from one line to the next. When he had done reading, he meditated silently for a few minutes, and then rang for a bed-candle.

"I cannot sleep shut in by those things," said the stranger, indicating the funeral-looking curtains that shut in the immense four-poster; "and the room smells as if the window had not been opened for a month."

Ultimately, the stranger decided to have the mattress laid upon the floor, and to sleep on that, which he thought he might possibly succeed in doing, provided the window were left open both at top and bottom, so that the cold fresh air of the October night could have free play in and out of the room.

"Major Gregson!" exclaimed the astonished landlord early next morning, reading the name on sunny boxes and packages which had just been brought in by the night-carrier from Nottingham. "Why, surely, he can never be the Major Gregson, who fought so bravely in India and America—the son of old Isaac Gregson, linen-draper of this town?"

"But he can be, and is, and the best master in the world into the bargain," said the major's man as he stepped into the bar. "And I'll thank you, Mr. Landlord, to tell me the number of his room, for it's high time I took him up his shaving-water."

"Now I call it to mind," said the landlord, "he did say something last night about Derby being his native place. But he the brave Major Gregson! the great fire-

eater! Why, he don't stand more than five foot seven without his boots, and—and—"

"He looks as quiet and peaceable as a lamb," put in the major's man; "that's just him all over. A quiet, pious, God-fearing gentleman in time of peace; but just see him going into action at the head of his men, and it would do your eyes good, and make your hair stand on end at the same time. His men knew he was made of the right stuff, and would follow him anywhere. He was called 'Forlorn' Gregson in the regiment, because he had headed so many forlorn hopes in his time. But where's the shaving-water?"

When Major Gregson drew up his blinds next morning, and peered out of his bedroom window, he saw before him the fine old-fashioned market-place of the little town, which, as a boy, he had trodden many hundreds of times. It was the old market-place that he remembered so well, but with many changed features, as was only to be expected after the wear and tear of the thirty-five years that had elapsed since he last saw it. With the assistance of his pocket-telescope, he could make out the names on the signs over the different shops. Nearly all of them were strange to him, but there were two or three that he recollected as old family names in the town; and—yes! there was one that he remembered as the name of an old school-fellow. It was the same name that had struck so familiarly on his ear when mentioned last night by the landlord. Major Gregson read the sign again, slowly and carefully: "Thomas Crooke, Auctioneer and Valuer, House and Estate Agent."

"Poor Tom Crooke!" said the major as he shut up his glass, and prepared to strop his razors. "A little dark-eyed chap, always in a row; several years younger than me; in fact, I was only at the school one half after he came. I recollect him so well by reason of his great fight with Scroggins. And now he's an auctioneer! What queer changes the whirligig of time brings about! I must call and see Tom after breakfast."

Accordingly, no sooner was breakfast over than the major, taking his silver-mounted malacca, cantered across the market-place as far as the office of Mr. Thomas Crooke. In answer to his inquiry, a dingy office-boy informed him that Mr. Crooke had not yet arrived, and that he was not expected till towards noon.

"I'll take a turn round the town, and call again later on," said Major Gregson to the boy. "Perhaps I may be able to hunt up one or two more old friends," he added to himself.

So the major, with his chest thrown forward, and his chin well up; with one arm resting in the small of his back, while the other flourished his malacca; and with quick, sharp glances that allowed little to escape them, paraded the town for a full couple of hours. Now and then, he would halt for a minute or two at the corner of some street, to take the bearings of the country, and to note what alterations had been made during the years he had been away.

The noble tower of All Saints held him with a chain of sweetly solemn memories for a long time. "I might have left it but five minutes ago, for any change that I can see in its grand old face," muttered the major, under his breath. "The change is in myself—in myself."

When he had earned a crick in his neck with staring up at the tower, he went into the churchyard, and finding a side-door open, he presently entered the church itself. As far as the major could see, he and the dead had the whole edifice to themselves, and he was not sorry that it should be so. Going into one of the many high-backed pews, he shut himself in, and, after a brief prayer, he opened a Bible, and pulling on his spectacles, he read the lessons for the day. Then, after a quarter of an hour devoted to silent meditation, he let himself out of the pew, and taking possession of his hat, he walked out with hushed footsteps, feeling greatly refreshed in spirit.

By-and-by, he found himself on the banks of the pleasant, clear-running Derwent. Fresh food for meditation here. Recollections of happy boyish days, when he and his companions used to come bathing here, of boating excursions; of Sunday evening walks with his mother in yonder meadows, along a path that followed every bend and turn of the river, till one by one the stars came out, and the tower of All Saints took the evening mists to itself, and became a part of them. How all those things came back to him! At length he turned away with a sigh, and strode back towards the busier parts of the town. Over a shop-door, in St. Peter's Street, he saw painted up: "Sampson Clowes, Tailor and Draper."

Major Gregson came to a stand on the opposite side of the street, and had a quiet talk to himself. "What! old Sampson a tailor?" he said. "The biggest glutton in the school, and not far off being the biggest dunce; the boy who made himself ill with smoking bits of cane; the boy who made such a hullabaloo when he sat down on a lump of cobbler's wax, and found himself stuck fast to the form. Oh, I must go and see old Sampson!"

Major Gregson crossed the road, and entered the shop. There was no one in it but a stout, flabby-faced man, who was busy casting up a ledger. The major's hat came off with a ceremonious sweep.

"I presume that I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Sampson Clowes?" he said, with an urbane smile.

"I am Mr. Clowes," said the flabby man, looking up from his ledger with a sort of dog in the manger expression.

"And I am Major Gregson, Isaac Gregson's son, that used to be of this town. You and I, Mr. Clowes, were school-boys together."

The flabby man, chewing his quill viciously, took a moment or two to digest this information; then he spoke. "Well, what of that?" he said.

"Merely this," said the major with his strict manner; "that having just returned to my native town, after an absence of five and thirty years, and seeing your name over the door, I suddenly remembered it as the name of one of my old school fellows, and could not resist the impulse I felt to come in and see you."

The flabby man seemed to gasp for breath. "It may be as you say, sir," he returned. "I dare say it is. But my school-days are too far gone past for a plain business man like me to recollect much about 'em. Just got our stock of winter-goods in; and here's my young man, who will be happy to show you our latest novelties."

Ten minutes later, "Forlorn" Gregson emerged into the street, looking very forlorn indeed, leaving in the measurement-book of Mr. Clowes sundry cabalistic figures written under his name, having relation to "one pair of superfine black kerseywaist trousers."

So the major went on his travels about the town rather more disconsolately than heretofore. He was somewhat cheered, however, by the sight of another name that he recognized, on a brass-plate on the door of a house in one of the most intensely respectable streets of the town: "Dr. Rufus Cropper."

Dr. Cropper was a very little man, port and voluble. He recollected the major in a moment, and shook him cordially by the hand. "Old Isaac Gregson's son, to be sure. School-lads together, and all that. I remember you well, sir. You have risen to eminence, while we poor beggars have been vegetating here. We have seen your name in the newspapers, sir, and the old town is proud of her son. Glad to find you think of settling in the neighborhood. *Optim cum dignitate*, and all that, you know. Recollections of one's boyhood, as a rule, are all humbug. Life is full of humbug. If you can't contrive to "do" the world, the world will "do" you. That's my motto. Also, Take care of number one. That's another. Two-thirds of humbug to one of utility—that's the rule in every profession. Look at me. I'm a humbug. Ha! ha! But the world believes in me, and I pocket my fees. I dare say if the truth was known, major (no offence, you know,) you yourself are not far from a humbug—eh?"

"Very probably not," said the major grimly.

"Such being the case, what is the end that all philosophy teaches us? To deck the brows of Plutus with flowers; to mix business and pleasure in just proportions; to scrape together as many guineas as we possibly can, and enjoy to the full the goods which the gods provide us. And this brings to my mind the fact that I have a prime haunch of Welsh mutton for dinner to-day, and if you will take a knife and fork with me, major, I shall be most happy."

But the doctor's hospitable offer was declined, and the major got out of the house as quickly as possible. "Not the sort of man for me," said the major, with a shake of the head as soon as he got into the street; "by no means the sort of man for me. I think I will go and look up Tom Crooke."

This time, Mr. Crooke was in, and Major Gregson was ushered into a small inner office, dusty and unwept, placarded with the bills of past and gone auctions, and pervaded by a musty tap-room-like odor, as though the atmosphere had not yet been purged of the fumes of last night's grog and tobacco. The tenant of this den was a long-limbed, broad-chested man of forty-five; dark complexioned; clean shaven; with a crafty vulture face, and bright, furtive, quick-glancing black eyes. He was well and fashionably dressed, and wore two or three rings of price; but his hands might have been cleaner; and his clothes were mud-stained and wine-stained, and seemed as if they had not been brushed for a month.

Major Gregson, in slow courteous accents, explained the reason of his visit, which he hoped Mr. Crooke would consider neither untimely nor misplaced.

Mr. Crooke was evidently at a loss how to sum up his visitor. All the time the major was addressing him, his black suspicious eyes were taking note of the old soldier from head to foot. It was something entirely out of the range of his experience to find a man claiming acquaintance with him on the score of an old school-friendship of thirty years ago. But Mr. Crooke was by no means devoid of perception, and had considerable powers of adaptability; and by the time the major had finished his little harangue, he had arrived at a tolerably correct notion of the role it behooved him to play in the little drama in which he was so unexpectedly cast for a leading part.

"Greatly honored, I'm sure, major, to find that my name has lived in your memory for so many years," he said, in quiet, suave accents. "Your fame has preceded you, and the old town has reason to be proud that one of her sons has achieved so brilliant a reputation."

"Please not talk in that strain," said the major, laying his hand, gently on his companion's sleeve. "My fame, as you are pleased to call it, is, to me, a thing of very small value. I, in my turn, am glad to find that I am not forgotten by one who knew me when I was a boy. I have been unfortunate enough, Mr. Crooke, to lose every near relative I had since I went abroad, and I am, perhaps, more strongly disposed in consequence to cultivate those slighter ties of friendship which other men, more happily circumstanced than I am, might care less about. At all events, I am glad to have met you, and, as I have some thought of settling in these parts, I must claim the benefit of your professional experience, and ask you to assist me in my choice of a nest where I can fold my wings and be at peace for the remainder of my days."

"Most happy, I'm sure, major, if I can be of the slightest use in any way. Have you been long in Derby?"

"Only arrived last evening. Which reminds me, by-the-by, that on my road here from Nottingham I met with the same misfortune as happened to you last spring."

"To what misfortune do you allude?" asked Mr. Crooke with an anxiety in his voice that he could not disguise.

"To my being relieved of watch and purse by the same distinguished practitioner that performed a similar office for you. In plain English, I was robbed last night by a man mounted on a black mare with a white star in the middle of its forehead."

"Ah! now I understand," said Mr. Crooke dryly. "Yes, as you say, I was operated upon last spring by the same professor, and deucedly chagrined I was. A most audacious villain! He seems to set the whole constabulary force of the county at defiance."

"Tell you what, Tom Crooke," said the major, with emphasis, "it would be strange if you and I couldn't, by putting our wits together, devise some ruse for effecting the capture of this fellow! What say you, old clown?"

"I think your idea a most praiseworthy one," answered Crooke; "though whether it could be successfully carried out, is another matter. The man who rides the black mare with the white star, is an old fox, and seems a trap by instinct. However, we can impart your ideas of it to me, and I will impart mine to you."

"So be it," said the major, as he rose and began to draw on his gloves. "Business pretty brisk with you?"

"Tolerable," answered Crooke. "You see, this is how I'm fixed," he went on, more confidentially than before. "I've not much business to do in the town here—I don't care to cultivate it. The bulk of my work lies in the way of agencies and sales among the county families and gentry of the neighborhood. One way or another, I make a tidy thing of it, so I've no right to com-



plain. Of course, it takes me from home more than I like, and I'm obliged to keep a couple of servicable nags, otherwise I should never get through my work—some of it lies long distances away."

"All the better for me, Tom—all the better for me," said the major. "I'll wager you three dozen of port that before three months are over, you and I between us will have effected the capture of your rebellious Derbyshire Turpin!"

"You are over-anguine, major," answered Crooke, with a laugh. "But the event will show. Meanwhile, I'll book your bet."

## CHAPTER II.

Major Gregson sat long that evening over his dinner, and the bottle of dry sherry that followed it. He had invited Crooke to dine with him, but that individual had pleaded some pressing business as an excuse for declining the invitation; so the major partook of his meal in solitary state, and now sat with his chair drawn up to the fire—for a keen wind was blowing outside—and the decanter at his elbow, musing in somewhat melancholy mood.

As he had told Crooke, he had come to Derby with his mind half made up to settle either in the town itself, or in the immediate neighborhood of it. It was his native place, and all through his adventurous career in India and the North American provinces, his memory had clung to it tenaciously, and for years past he had looked forward to the time when he should be able to retire from active service, and build up a happy little home for his old age among the hills and woods of Derbyshire, where old friends, whom he had not seen since he was a lad, would ever be welcome visitors. And now that time had come. He was his own master, free to come and go untroubled by the trammels of military life; he had amassed a comfortable share of this world's goods; and one of the first uses he had made of his new found freedom had been to fulfill the secret wish of his heart, and visit the spot that was hallowed in his memory with all the fond associations of boyhood. And what, so far, had been the result of his visit? Something very nearly akin to disappointment, although he would not whisper that ugly word even to himself. As he had told Crooke, the lack of all closer ties had disposed him to think more highly of these eight thresholds which remained to him. He had been weak enough to believe other men as deeply impressed with such trifles as he was. He had been foolish enough to hope that the school-boy friend of thirty years ago would be school boys at heart still, as he felt himself to be; and that the delicate edging of sentiment, with which, as with a sweet smelling plant, his own daily life was rounded, must of necessity flourish equally in the lives of others. But to-day had sufficed to undeceive him. He could not help acknowledging to himself that the three friends whom he had succeeded in hunting up, by no means reached the height of his ideal standard, which he had fixed up in his own mind to measure them by. The world's criticism had eaten too deeply into their souls. From the three of them together it would have been difficult to eliminate one tolerable gentleman, and this was a fact in which the major could by no means shut his eyes. They would be no fit association for him, should he come to settle in this part of the country. But could he really make up his mind to do so? Now that he had seen the town—how mean and small it looked; how dull and commonplace. Should he not feel that he was burying himself alive to make his home in such a spot? To be sure, there was the country, and it would be easy enough, by means of the introductions which he could command at any time, to gradually form a pleasant circle of acquaintances among the best families in the neighborhood. His father, it is true, had been no more than a shadowy figure in Derby, but he himself, Major L. A. Gregson, was a man of note; a man whose name had been mentioned specially in the wardrobes of no more than one occasion, and the country would welcome him gladly as an acquisition of whom it might be reasonably proud.

In the course of the next few days, the major's time went abroad in the little town; for the landlord of the *Brown Bear*, who never seemed quite able to get over his surprise at finding so tremendous a fire-eater so short of stature and so mild of demeanour, took care to inform all and sundry who frequented his bar-parlor, that the quiet-looking gentleman in number three was none other than the celebrated Major Gregson, of whose exploits everybody had heard. "A man, sir, who has killed and taken charge of more than any other man living; who has fought a tiger single-handed; and who yet is as kind as a lamb!" Everybody knew that from this source the news spread in ever widening circles; and on the third day of his stay, the major was surprised by a visit from the mayor, who, having as he said, heard of the arrival of his distinguished townsman, had come to pay his respects, and at the same time request the honor of the major's company to dinner. Other invitations followed quickly from some of the best people in the town, and the major found himself in a very short time, as he had anticipated, surrounded by a circle of acquaintances. He began to think that, after all, he might do worse than pitch his tent within the hospitable groves of his native place. If even the length of consulting a few chambers in the town in want of a tenant, at any rate, for sale in the neighborhood, should not be a disadvantage, he would not at once have turned his back just then.

At this second interview with the mayor, Major Gregson was more reserved, both in his speech and demeanour, than he had been on the previous occasion. What he had been told in the interim respecting Mr. Thomas Crooke, had not been to the credit of that individual. He had been told, on authority, that he could not doubt, that Crooke was idle, vicious, and dissipated; that he was a gambler, and a drunkard, and that his treatment of his wife was a notorious fact. Now, Crooke's wife, as Major Gregson further heard, was his old schoolmaster's daughter, Letty Leyland by name, and he had a very vivid recollection of her, as a dark-eyed beautiful child, when he was a boy at school. As such, she had taken firm hold of his imagination; for years after he had left school, when he was in India, a young suitor with a few guineas in his purse, slowly drifting his way up and he had had pleasant love-dreams, of which Letty Leyland, as a dark-eyed beauty, just budding into womanhood, had formed the central figure. But these were dreams of long ago; and Letty Leyland was now Mrs. Crooke, a middle-aged, ill-used woman, the wife of a profligate and a drunkard.

He met her on one occasion in the out-

skirts of the town, as he was taking his forenoon constitutional. He knew her the moment he saw her. It must have been something of the old look in her eyes, combined with some fine instinct of his own heart, that told him who she was. She was quite a plain-looking woman now, with gray hair and homely attire, but the major's heart warmed unaccountably toward her, as he stepped in front of her, and lifted his hat.

"Pardon me for addressing you," he said; "but I am an old scholar of Dr. Leyland's, and, if I mistake not, you are his daughter."

"I am, or rather was," said Mrs. Crooke, flushing painfully. "for my father has been dead these five-and-twenty years."

"I knew you again, although it is over thirty years since I was at school. But you are now Mrs. Crooke, are you not?"

"I am."

"Pardon me, but you look as if you had seen much trouble."

"Then my looks do not belie me," she said, with a bitter smile. "Do you know what it is never to lie down at night without wishing that you may never get up again? Do you know what it is never to rise in the morning without wishing that you may be dead before sunset? But of course you do not. What should a prosperous gentleman like you know of such matters?—Happiness! I almost forget that there is such a word in the language."

Mrs. Crooke, you have my warmest sympathy in your troubles, and my sympathy and respect. Your father was the best friend my youth ever knew; and should you, in your turn, ever need the assistance of a friend, I hope you will grant me the privilege of action in that light towards you. There is my card, which I pray you to accept. The name on it may be unknown to you; but were your father alive, he would at once remember it."

Unaccounted tears stood in the major's eyes as he spoke thus.

"You are a good man," said Mrs. Crooke earnestly, as she took the card; "and I thank you for your offer; but it is not likely that I shall ever trouble you. Your ways and mine lie widely apart, and we must each of us bear our own burden after our own fashion."

She held out her hand as she spoke. The major took it, and pressed it respectfully in his, and then, without another word, they parted.

"What a consummate villain the fellow must be to ill-treat that woman!" muttered the major to himself as he went on his way.

He called on Crooke two or three times a week, but it was rarely he could find that person at his office. When he did succeed in seeing him, he confined the conversation entirely to business topics; for however much the major's opinion of Crooke might have altered since their first interview, having once promised him certain remunerative commissions, he was too conscientious a man not to fulfill that promise to the letter. Meanwhile, new friends were gathering round the old soldier day by day, and day by day he found the little town becoming a more agreeable tarry-place, and even beginning to invest itself, in his thoughts, with a home-like aspect, such as a tired wanderer like himself knew how to appreciate.

It so fell out, about this time, that Major Gregson accepted an invitation to visit one of his new found friends at Melbourne, a small hamlet ten or a dozen miles from Derby. The major went, stayed two nights, and decided to return to Derby after dinner on the evening of the third day. As on the occasion of his memorable journey from Nottingham, he had travelled by post-chaise, so he now adopted the same method of locomotion. His friend's dinner had been good, the wines superb, and before the chaise had got three miles out of Melbourne, the major was in a comfortable postprandial mood. He was suddenly and disagreeably aroused by the putting down of the chaise window, by the presentation of a pistol at his head, and by a peremptory demand for his watch and purse. The major was in a dither, and, unarmed, he resisted would have been the height of folly. Under such circumstances, to submit with a good grace is the best philosophy. The major's coolness did not desert him.

"Here is my purse," said he. "Fortunately, it is not very heavy. As for my watch, unless I am mistaken, you are the individual who relieved me of it a few weeks ago, and I am happy to think that I have not bought another since that time."

The highwayman took the purse without a word, raised his hat, bowed politely, and vanished.

"As I live, the identical fellow that robbed me before," muttered the major, as the clatter of hoofs died away down the stony road. The Derbyshire Turpin—the fellow with the blackened face, and mounted on a black horse with a white star. A pretty thing to say of one of his majesty's officers—that he has been twice robbed by the same man, without so much as firing a single shot in his own defence. What would Colonel Chunder and old Bottomley think?"

What the landlord of the *Brown Bear* thought, and what the landlord's guests thought, as the major descended from the chaise, and walked up stairs in grim silence to his own room, leaving the post-boy to tell the tale, was that of all unlucky gentlemen, he was the most unlucky. The topic was a thirteenth time, and could not be properly discussed without frequent fresh glasses; and when people came in, so that, by and by, the house became quite crowded, and the post-boy was had into the parlor, and his story pumped out of him at least twenty times in the course of a couple of hours, to compensate for which exhaustive process as much drink was poured into him as his carcass would hold, so that, finally, he had to be carried to bed in a state of hopeless imbecility.

The major's man coming down stairs when he had finally disposed of his master for the night, admitted to the landlord, in the discreetest of whispers, that "he never before seen the old boy so much put out of his way."

He's a gentleman as never swears, said the man to the man; "but when he takes a notion to himself, as he did to-night, and starts so with his eyes as if he saw something that nobody else could see, why, then I know there's something more than common on his mind."

The landlord was lying to ask what it was the major talked about, but he merely said: "Ay, ay, that was very strange now, wasn't it?"

"You wouldn't think it strange if you knew the major as well as I know him," responded the man. "What seemed to trouble his mind most was, that he should be twice robbed by one man without having a single shot at the blackguard. You may take your day that he won't go rambling about the country again without his pistols."

Major Gregson's sleep that night was

troubled, haunted by uncanny dreams, from which he woke up three or four times with a start. At last, just as the first faint streaks of daylight were beginning to chase away the darkness, he got out of bed, and slipping into his dressing-gown and slippers, he took to pacing his bedroom from end to end, repeating to himself long passages from the Psalms and the Book of Job as he did so.

The major was still pacing his bedroom when the faint sound of a horse's tramp, very faint and far off it sounded at first, but penetrating the bedroom, it attracted the major's ear. He stopped in his walk to listen. The gray light of dawn filled the street by this time, and all objects were clearly visible. The quick tramp of the horse came nearer and nearer. The major was still listening with an absent look on his face, as though his thoughts were far away, when a peculiar something in the regular tramp, tramp of the coming horse, which was now close at hand, startled him, in one brief instant, into vivid life. The look on his face changed into one of the most breathless anxiety. Two strides carried him to the window; it was the work of an instant to pick back the blind, and to peer out, with face close pressed to the pane, into the gray, solitary street. He was just in time to see a black-cloaked figure, mounted on a big black horse, ride swiftly past. As the horseman rode by, the sound that had so startled Major Gregson was plainly audible; it was the clunk of a loose shoe on the hard flints of the road.

When the sound had died completely away in the distance, the major drew back the window, and let the blind fall into its place. He sighed deeply, and sat down on the nearest chair. He was very pale and very grave, and looked like a man on whom had fallen the sudden shock of ill news. "Great Heaven, to think that it should indeed be so!" he murmured. After that, he sat for more than an hour without speaking or moving, thinking intently. Then he shaved and dressed, and went out for a walk, still with the same deep gravity of manner upon him.

All that day, and for the two following days, Major Gregson scarcely stirred out of his room, except to take a quiet walk early in the morning or late in the evening, when there was little chance of meeting any of his acquaintances. His mind was evidently ill at ease; but he kept his own counsel, and spoke no word to any one of the secret care that was brooding over him. The third night he sat up later than usual, writing busily. When he had filled three sides of a sheet of foolscap, he read over what he had written, and signed it. Then he folded up the document in a large sheet, and sealed it carefully, and wrote outside: "To be opened in case of my death on 29th instant."

When this was done, he turned to his diary, and wrote as follows: "This day-week I shall (D.V.) go to Notts, and draw two hundred guineas out of the bank for a purpose that I won't say."

"During the two days and nights just past, I have been inwardly admonished to do a particular thing, and I dare not refuse. The trial has been a sore one; but when it became evident that there was no other door open to me, and that I must subordinate and utterly crush my own weak will in this matter, then I said: 'So let it be; since which time great inward peace has been mine.'"

In case I should not come back alive, I have left in my desk a statement of my reasons for doing as I purpose to do; for I would not have it thought that I entered on this expedition rashly, or without much powerful entreaty that my darkness might be lightened."

"Though dark my path, and tempests never cease, Let me but touch Thy hand, and all is peace."

"To read a chapter of the *Holy Living and dying*, and then to bed."

The major's man was pleased next morning to find that his master's cheerfulness had come back to him, and that the cloud of care which had brooded over him for the last few days had at length taken to itself wings and vanished. Yes, the major's sunny, cheerful manner had come back, but with more frequent pauses of silent thought than heretofore, with a greater liking for solitary walks, and a more constant reading of golly books.

The morning of the twenty-ninth came in due course, and immediately after breakfast the major said to himself, as though he were stating a proposition that might by chance be open to dispute: "I must go and see Tom Crooke." Accordingly, he went in search of Mr. Crooke, and was fortunate enough to find that worthy in his office.

"I am going to Nottingham by the mid-day coach, Tom Crooke," said the major, "and I want you to take a holiday and go with me." He spoke this morning in a tone of greater cordiality than he had used since their first meeting.

"Much obliged to you, major," said Crooke dryly; "but as to taking a holiday to-day, I hardly see my way to do so—so very busy, you see. Of course, if it's a matter of business that you want me on, I must put other things on one side, and go with you."

"But it's not a matter of business," said Major Gregson. "I won't have the affair put on that footing. I am going to Nottingham simply to draw a couple of hundred guineas out of the bank, which I want for a certain purpose; and if you will go with me, we'll have a comfortable little dinner together, and some of the best wine that can be had for love or money, and be altogether as jolly as a couple of sand-bags. Say that you'll go, Tom Crooke."

"Do you bank at Nottingham, major, that you have to go there for your money?" asked Crooke, without heeding the latter part of the major's speech.

"I do bank at Nottingham," answered the old soldier. "A half-cousin of my father's is in that business, and all my little savings are in his keeping."

"At what hour do you purpose leaving Nottingham on your return?"

"If you go with me, we will return at whatever hour may suit you best. If I go alone, I shall set out on my way back till a late hour—say, eight or nine o'clock—having a few calls which may as well be made if I have not the pleasure of your company. But you will go with me, will you not?"

"Sorry, major, to be obliged to decline your kind invitation, but the business I have on hand admits of no delay—at least, not for holiday purposes. Are you not afraid, by the way, to travel with so much money in your possession? Suppose the rider of the black mare with the white star should bid you stand and deliver for the third time?"

"Who ever heard of a man being stopped three times in succession by the same thief? No; I consider that I am far safer this time

than if I had never been robbed at all. Do not you agree with me?"

"It may be as you say, major," replied Crooke with a sneer. "But I would not advise you to trust too implicitly in such a doctrine."

"But you are the only person who knows of my errand to Nottingham," said the major; "consequently, I am unable to see in what way I am running any extraordinary risk of having so large a sum of money about me."

"Oh, the rider of the black mare has a happy knack of finding out that sort of secret," said Crooke with a laugh. "However, I hope with all my heart that you may get back safe and sound, and with your guineas in your pocket. How about our bet, by the way? How about the three dozen of port? The three months are slipping quietly away, yet you seem no nearer towards effecting your object."

"I am nearer my object, Tom Crooke. I am six weeks nearer it," said the major. "If I live, I shall win my wager."

"I don't think you will, Major Gregson," said Crooke, tossing his penknife into the air, and catching it dexterously as it fell. "I really don't think you will win your wager."

"The event will prove," answered the major solemnly. "For the last time, I ask you, Thomas Crooke—will you go with me?"

"And for the last time, Major Gregson, I positively answer, No."

Major Gregson had the inside of the coach to himself that day as he journeyed from Derby to Nottingham, and his melancholy musings were unbroken till he reached the journey's end. He proceeded at once to the bank, and drew out two hundred guineas, which, sealed up in a canvas bag, he deposited temporarily with the landlord of the hotel at which he had ordered his dinner. He then debated within himself whether he should call upon his few Nottingham acquaintances, but finally decided that, to-day, he was not in spirits for society. Instead, he took a walk through the meadows by the banks of the Trent, and found his way back to the hotel at dusk. When he had dined, and a very poor dinner he made, he sat brooding over the fire, leaving untouched the wine at his elbow, waiting till the clock should strike eight, at which hour he had ordered a post-chaise to be in readiness. At half past seven, he took out his little pocket-bible, and read a chapter slowly and devoutly. At a quarter to eight, he drew, one by one, from the pocket of his travelling-cloak, a small oblong mahogany case, a powder flask, and a tiny bag, holding some half-dozen bullets. The mahogany case held a brace of pistols, which Major Gregson now proceeded to load with the utmost care. This done, he rang for his bill, put on his cloak and hat, and carrying the pistols under his arm, he went down stairs, and was shut up inside the chaise. The bag containing the two hundred guineas was stowed away in a small locker near his feet.

For the first few miles of the road, Major Gregson let the pistols lie unheeded beside him; but as soon as the sixth milestone was passed, he drew himself up with military precision, as though he had received the word of command, and grasped his weapons, one in each hand. The moon was in her second quarter, and the night was bright, clear, and windy. Both windows of the chaise were purposely left open. The major sat bolt upright, turning his sharp eyes from one window to the other, and listening with all his might for the sound of approaching hoofs. His cloak was wrapped well around him, for the night was chilly. He sat with both his pistols at full cock, the barrels protruding from the folds of his cloak in a line with the windows of the chaise. His face was very stern and resolute; and could the landlord of the *Brown Bear* have seen his guest at that moment, he would have been able to form a tolerable idea of how Farlow Gregson looked when about to head one of his desperate charges, and might have been strengthened in faith as to his unshaken qualities as a fire-eater.

The chaise, keeping up its monotonous jolt-trout, passed one milestone after another till the twelfth of them was left behind, the major still sitting bolt upright, as grimly watchful as a tiger in its lair that scents the hunters from afar. Suddenly, a faint sound struck upon his ear. His head went forward an inch or two in the anxiety to listen, and his muscles tightened like steel. The same instant, the post-boy, with an oath, drove the spur deep into his horse's flanks, and the crazy old chaise started forward at a headlong pace. He had gone thus but a few yards, as it seemed, when a dark mounted figure shot past the window, and wheeling swiftly round on the affrighted post-boy, brought the whole concern to a dead halt. Next instant, the dark mounted figure was at the window, and a pistol was protruded into the chaise. "Your money, or your life!"

Those were his last words an earth. A slight movement of the major's elbow, a contraction of his forefinger, a flash, an explosion, and with a wild inarticulate cry, the highwayman fell from his horse, shot clean through the heart. With a loud snort of terror, the horse started off, dragging the dead man at its heels; but before it had gone more than twenty yards, the robber's foot slipped out of the stirrup, and the horse, freed from its burden, went off at terrific speed down the road.

Major Gregson, assisted by the postilion, carried the dead man back to the chaise, and then proceeded to examine him in his condition by the light of one of the chaise-lamps.

"Dead as a door-nail," said the postilion, after a few moments.

"Even so," answered the major, sadly. "As I thought—as I thought," he added under his breath. "He courted his fate, and his blood be on his own head."

"Why, the black comes off his face," said the postilion, in surprise. "I thought when I saw him first that it was his natural color."

"It was only put on by way of disguise," said the major.

They then put the dead robber into the chaise, and performed the rest of their journey at a footpace, the major walking by the side of the chaise. It was very late when they got into Derby, and they went straight to the house of the chief-constable, and knocked him up. The major told his story, and the body was taken out and placed for the night on the table of a small waiting-room. One of the constables throwing the light of his lantern into the face of the dead man, started back in dismay.

"Tom Crooke's face, as I live!" he exclaimed.

"It is the face of Thomas Crooke," said Major Gregson, solemnly. "He and the

rider of the black mare with the white star were one and the same man."

Late as was the hour, Major Gregson's first act, on getting back to his hotel, was to induce the wife of his landlord, who was a kindly good-hearted soul, to go at once to Mrs. Crooke, and break to her as gently as might be, the news of the sad fate that had befallen her husband.

In the course of next day, a jury was impanelled to sit upon the body of the dead highwayman. Major Gregson and the post-boy were summoned to give evidence. The major's statement was simple, and to the point.

"Having been unfortunate enough," he said, "to be twice robbed within the space of six weeks, I determined to protect myself for the future as far as I lay in my power to do so. Yesterday, I had occasion to go to Nottingham to draw from the bank the sum of two hundred guineas, and on my return I armed myself with my pistols. The moment the highwayman presented himself at the window of the chaise, I shot him dead."

The postilion gave confirmatory evidence as far as his knowledge went. The verdict of the jury, given without a moment's hesitation, was one of "Justifiable Homicide," coupled with a vote of thanks to Major Gregson for the bravery displayed by him in riding society of one of its greatest pests.

Just as the case was finished, Crooke's horse, which had been captured a mile or two out of Derby, was brought to the door of the hotel where the jury were sitting. It was recognized by several there as the black mare which Crooke had kept for the ostensible purpose of going about the country on his business avocations; only, there was this singular fact to be observed, that the captured mare was marked with a large, white star in the middle of its forehead, whereas the auctioneer's favorite animal was known to be entirely black.

"Fetch a little warm water and a sponge," said Major Gregson.

The hint was acted on; and the star was washed out without difficulty.

Through the intercession of Major Gregson, the body of Crooke was given up to his widow, instead of being handed over to the medical authorities for dissection, which would otherwise have been its fate.

The major, in his evidence before the jury, made no mention of the little incident which had been the means of first directing his suspicions towards Crooke. When he was robbed for the second time, on his way from Melbourne, as the highwayman galloped off, the major's quick ears detected that one of his horse's shoes was loose. Such a trifling fact would have soon escaped his memory, had he not, a few hours later—at daybreak next morning, as he was pacing his bedroom—heard the same sound again. The major, looking out of his window, saw that, on this occasion, the rider of the horse with the loose shoe was none other than Tom Crooke; and from that moment the conviction was borne forcibly in upon his mind that his old schoolfellow and the rider of the black mare with the white star was one and the same. Of the mental process by means of which the major arrived at the conviction that to him was delegated the duty of riding society of this man, we have no hint beyond those conveyed in the extract from his diary already given. The major would seem to have fought against this conviction up to the last moment, judging from the pains he took to induce Crooke to accompany him to Nottingham as a friend; but when he found his invitation so peremptorily declined, he was none the less sternly determined to go through with the duty which, as he conceived, had been laid upon him.

For some unexplained reason, Derby seemed to become distasteful to Major Gregson after the death of Crooke. About a fortnight later, he returned to London, from which place he went to Bath; and for the remainder of his life he oscillated between the two, dying ultimately at the latter place at the great age of ninety.

## The Fisherman's Wife.

Prudent or otherwise, the fisherman will marry. Without a roof, without a rod of land or a floating timber head, he will marry like the rest of mankind. He hires a room or two, a bed, a stove, a few chairs, a clock, a table, cutlery and crockery to set it, and his home is complete. A carpet is a luxury. Said a fisherman's three-months' bride to a landlord: "You needn't paint the floor; I've got a carpet to put on it." You should have heard the tone with which this was uttered. "Carpet!"—it was a brown stone front, carriage and span, and a trip to Paris to her.

The absent fisherman may or may not be due, but the anxious wife will be sure to look for him early. This looking for can last but a few weeks. The inevitable conclusion must be accepted if absent longer. No vessel has ever arrived after having been given up as lost by the owner.

The picture of a wife and mother sick at home drew a skipper to run from the security of a harbor homeward, with a storm pending. Though the wife heard, as she thought, his accustomed rap under her window as a signal for her to open the door, he never came; but the certainty, instead, that the vessel's crew perished on Cape Cod. Changes often meet him on his return.

A young wife, about to become a mother, said to her husband, who was loth to leave her: "Go, John, I shall do well; you know you cannot afford to lose the trip." He went; in a couple of months he returned. You don't know how many names he had selected for his boy or girl; neither do I. You do not know the hope that was in his heart as he lifted the latch; none knew. What! no welcome? The curtains down; the room cheerless and silent. Babe and mother died and were buried together—the neighbors told him.

FRIEND'S RELATIVES.—REV. F. PRIME, in one of his letters from Spain, says:—"Benken pointed out, as we passed, the modest mansion in which the present beautiful Empress of the French was born. Her father, Count Montijo, fell in love with a daughter of the British Consul at Malaga, Mr. Kirkpatrick, whose name unites Scotland and Ireland. The Count married her, and Eugenie is their daughter. Her grandfather is, therefore, a Scotch-Irish-English gentleman. She is a fair Empress. Some of her relatives are not of much account. One of them asked me the gift of a glass of whiskey."

Nothing sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and noble soul, as the respect and reverential love of womanhood. A man who is always sneering at woman is generally a coarse profligate or a coarser bigot.







### WRECKED ON THE SANDWICHES.

The butter's rank and the mustard's strong,  
And that is the end of my Sandwich Song.

### The Indignant German.

**Anecdote of Dr. Franklin.**

### Anecdote of Dr. Franklin.

the trouble and expense of heating this poker.

... followed from the guests.



"Yes, generally come and sit here for an hour after breakfast. One must have exercise, you know."

### Arnold's Treason.

While at breakfast, Lieutenant Allen, of

Just after Arnold's flight Washington arrived at Beverly. On being told that Arnold had gone to West Point, he took a hasty

"We trust now?"

**THE WORLD IS GREAT.**

Neglect the whole world beside, rather than one another.

Never allow a request to be repeated. "I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse.

low a request to be r

two disciples of Ike Walton. Some parties who happened to be in a boat close by went to their assistance, and rescued the half-

not men tell the truth about their horses ?

t, and call them 2:40 horses. Why can't men tell the truth about their horse

---

## THE RIDDLER.

**Entorno.**

*Irwin Station, Pa.*

### Double Helix.

An illustrious Roman historian.  
Our common mother.  
An ancient Grecian state.  
An Admiral in the U. S. Navy.  
My initials form a word signifying action,  
my finals a division of time.  
My whole is what this year is.  
*Brinkley's Station, O.* EVA.


**Riddle.**

My 1st is in rose, but not in leaf.  
My 2d is in house, but not in fief.  
My 3d is in shore, but not in river.  
My 4th is in arrow, but not in quiver.  
My 5th is in when, but not in where.  
My 6th is in tearing, but not in tear.  
My 7th is in madam, but not in miss.  
And the name of a lady is answer to this.

**Week 1000**

The sum of the squares of the extremes of four numbers in arithmetical progression is 200, and the sum of the squares of the means 136. What are the numbers?  
W. H. MORROW.

## Station Pa

 An answer is requested.

### Probability Problem

**Probability Problem.**  
If a person draws four cards from a whole pack, what is the probability that he has one of each sort? **ARTEMAS MARTIN.**  
*Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.*  
[P] An answer is requested.

### Problem

Four times the square of my age is equal to the cube of one-half of my age.  
Required—my age.  
W. T. STONEBRAKER.  
West Milton, Miami Co., O.

**Conundrums.**

**Conundrums.**  
 ♣ What point do people almost always overlook? Ans.—The point of the nose.  
 ♣ Why is an egg overboiled and under-boiled the same thing? Ans.—Because it is hardly boiled.  
 ♣ What does measles make on its first appearance? Ans.—A “rash” promise.  
 ♣ In what does the strength of cheese consist? Ans.—Its mite.

**Answer is E only.**

**ENIGMA**—Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon. **REBUS**—Adelaide Ristori. (Andersonville, Dover, Erie, Loire, Alexandria, Italy, Dublin, Euphrates, Rio Janeiro, Iowa, Salem, Trinity, Oceanica, Rock, Itasca.)

Artemas Martin says that he has received but one solution to his "Prize Problem," published May 30, and that one is not correct. The time is hereby extended to September 25.

**TO PRESERVE GREEN AGES.**—The following receipt appears to be a good one:—Pick and prick all the plums, put them into a preserving-pan, with cold water enough to cover them; let them remain on the fire until the water simmers well; then take off, and allow them to stand until half cold, putting the plums to drain. To every pound of plums allow one pound of sugar, which must be boiled in the water from which the plums were taken, until it is quite thick, when the syrup drops short from the spoon, skimming carefully all the time. When the sugar is sufficiently boiled, put in the plums and allow them to boil until the sugar covers the pan with large bubbles; then pour the whole into a pan, and let them remain until the following day; drain the syrup from the plums as dry as possible, boil it up quickly, and pour it over the plums; then set them

## RECEIPTS.

**A SAVORY CHICKEN PIE.**—Choose three

2) 5.

---